

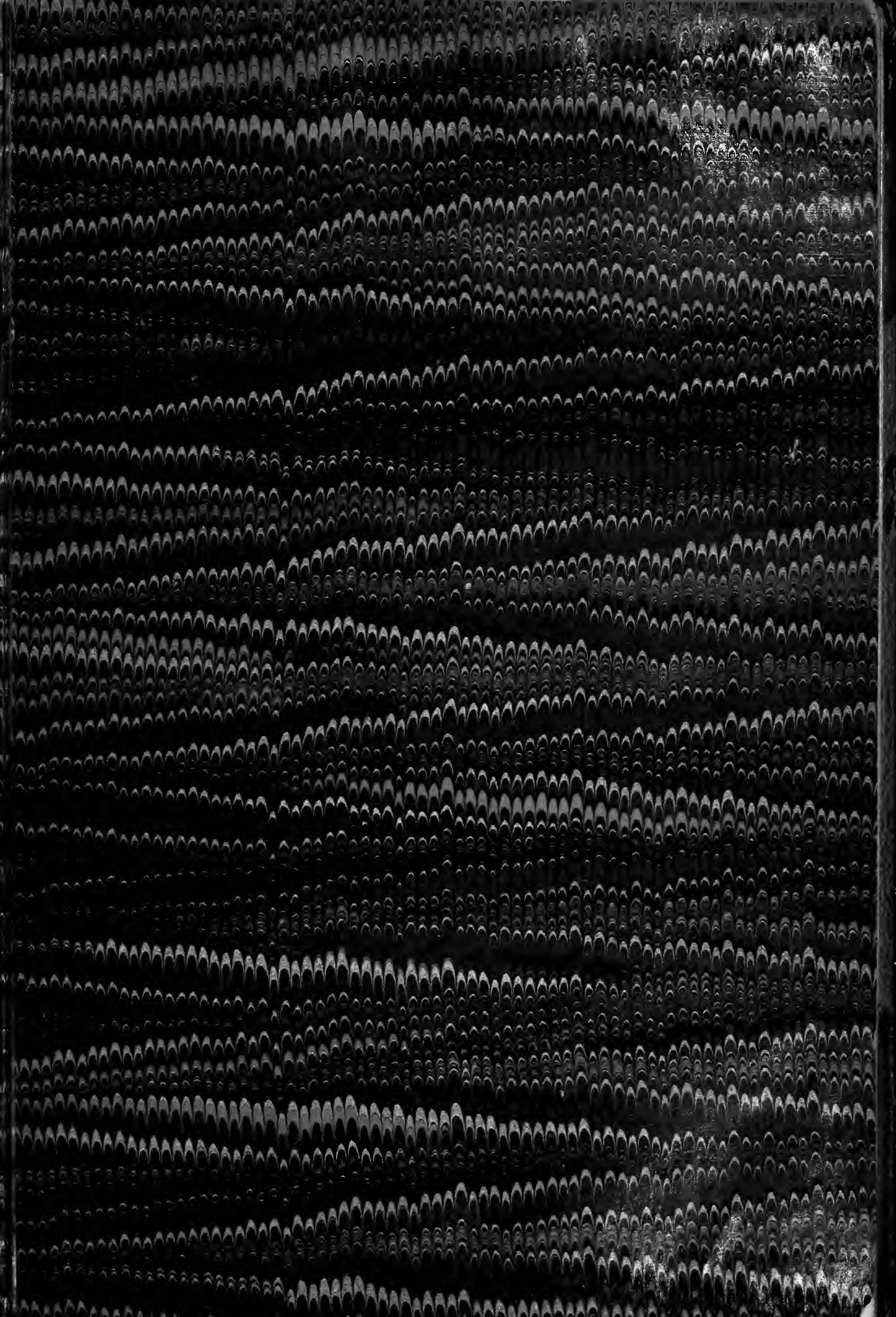
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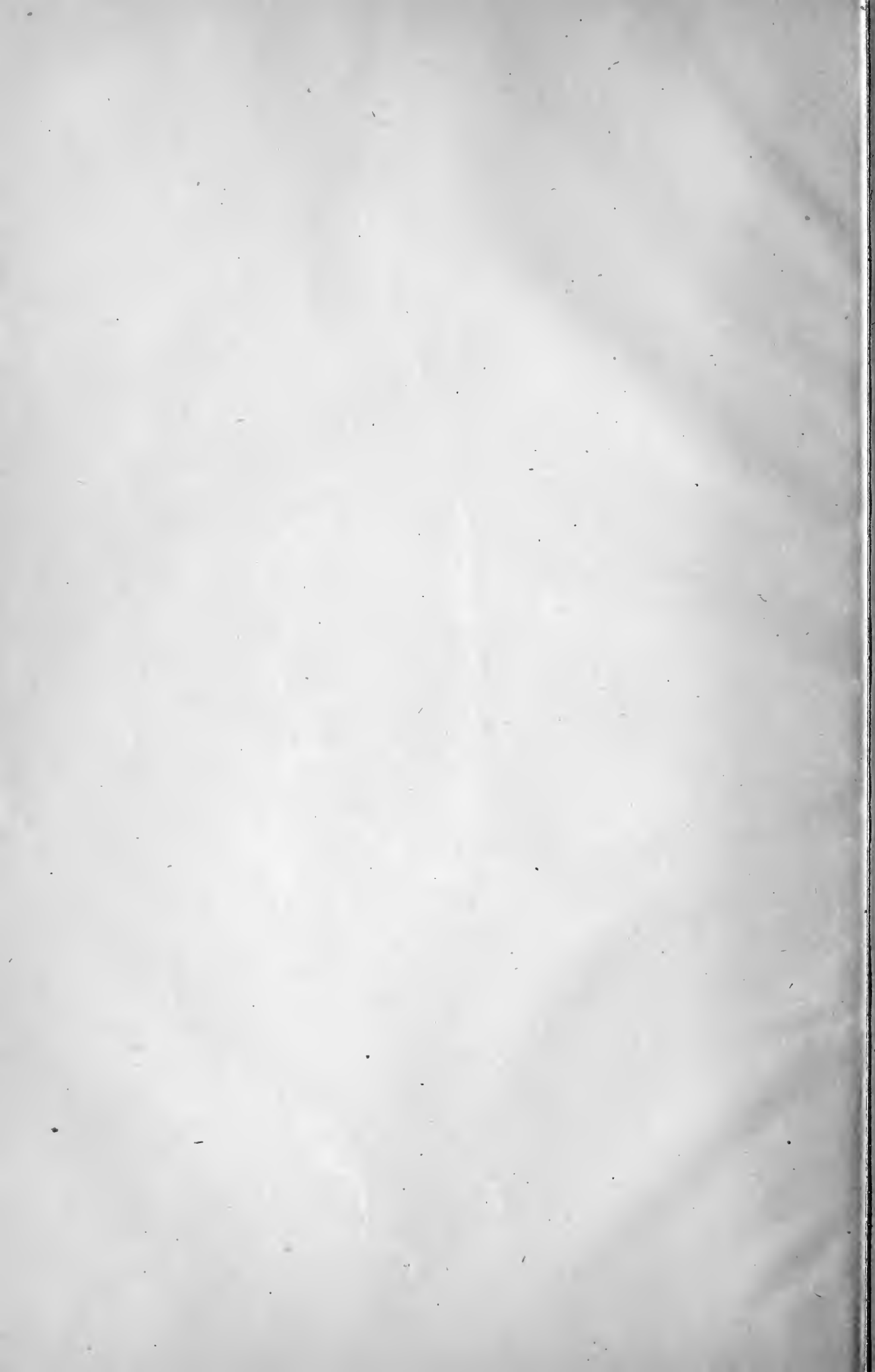
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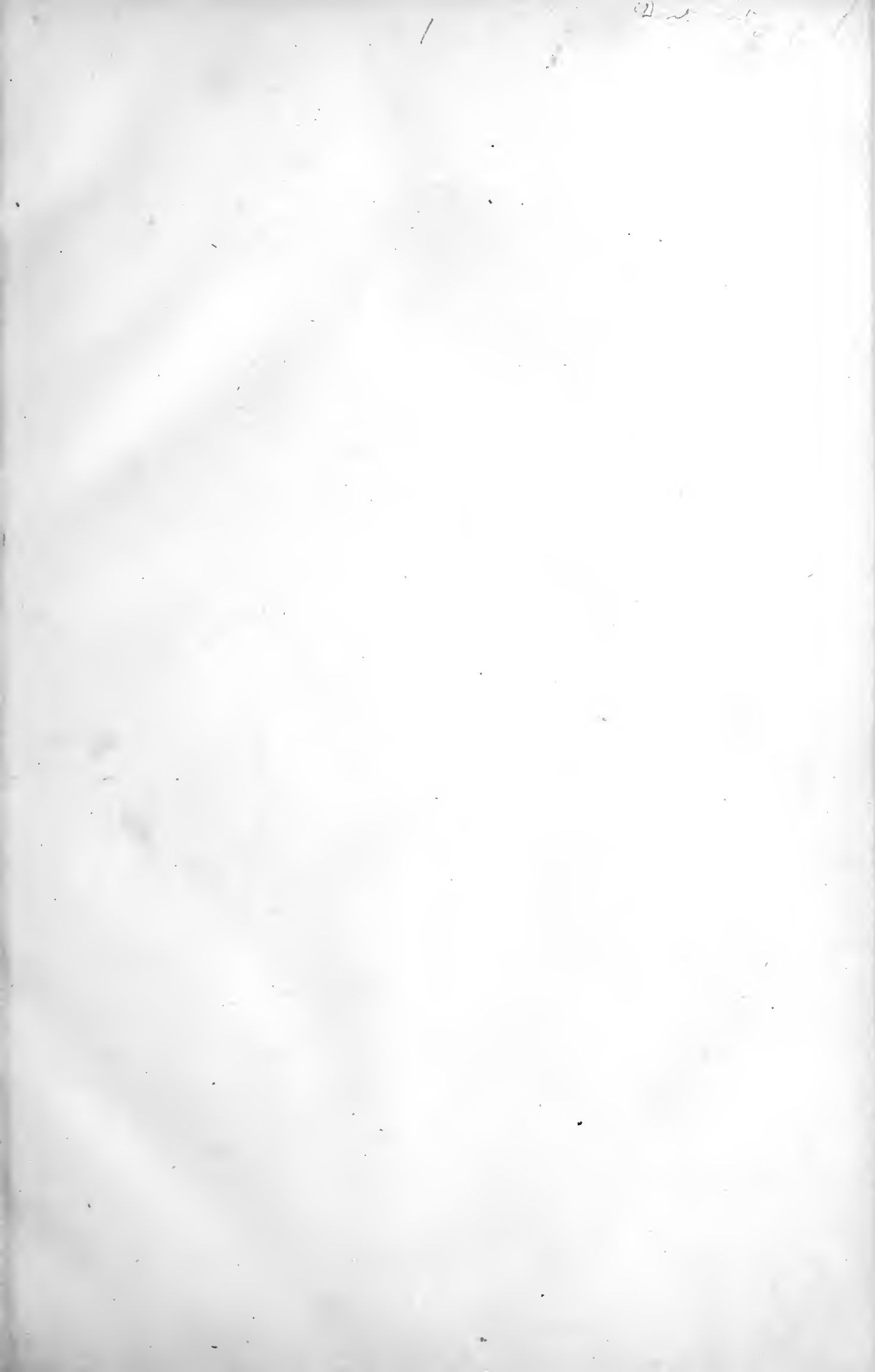
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SHAKESPEARE'S

Shakespeare, William.

PLAY

A WINTER'S TALE

EDITED BY

HOWARD STAUNTON

34

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GILBERT

NEW YORK

HENRY L. HINTON, PUBLISHER

680 BROADWAY

1870
5



PR 2839

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

THE first edition of this play known is that of the folio, 1623 ; and the earliest notice of its performance is an entry in the manuscript *Diary* (*Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*) of Dr. Simon Forman, who thus describes the plot of the piece, which he witnessed at the Globe Theatre, May 15th, 1611 :—

“Observe ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with jelosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cup-berer to have poisoned, who gave the Kinge of Bohemia warning thereof and fled with him to Bohemia.

“Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo, and the aunswer of Apollo that she was guiltless, and that the kinge was jelouse, &c., and howe, except the child was found againe that was loste, the kinge should die without yssue ; for the child was caried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forrest, and brought up by a sheppard, and the Kinge of Bohemia, his sonn married that wench : and howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard having showed [by] the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewells found about her, she was knownen to be Leontes daughter, and was then 16. yers old.

“Remember also the rog [rogue] that cam in all tottered like roll pixci * and howe he fayned him sicke and to have him robbed of all that he had, and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop ther [sheep sheer?] with a pedlers packe, and ther cosoned them again of all their money ; and how he changed apparell with the Kinge of Bomia, his sonn, and then how he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse.”†

In the same year, as we learn from a record in the Accounts of the Revels at Court, it was acted at Whitehall :—

“The kings
players.

The 5th of November : A play called
ye winters nightes Tayle.”

[1611.]

The accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James I., show that it was again acted at Court, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in May, 1613.

And it is further mentioned in the Office Book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, under the date of August the 19th, 1623 :—

“For the kings players. An olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemminges his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missing : and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19th of August, 1623.”

* This was no doubt some noted vagabond, whose nickname has not come down to us correctly. Mr. Collier prints it, “Coll Pipci.”

† From a carefully executed copy made from the original by Mr. Halliwell.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

From these facts Mr. Collier infers, and his inference is strengthened by the style of the language and the structure of the verse, that "The Winter's Tale" was a novelty at the time Forman saw it played at the Globe, and had "been composed in the autumn and winter of 1610-11, with a view to its production on the Bankside, as soon as the usual performances by the king's players commenced there."

The plot of "The Winter's Tale" is founded on a popular novel by Robert Greene, first printed in 1588, and then called "Pandosto: The Triumph of Time,"* &c., though in subsequent impressions intitled, "The History of Dorastus and Fawnia." In this tale we have the leading incidents of the play, and counterparts, though insufferably dull and coarse ones, of the principal personages. But Shakespeare has modified the crude materials of his original with such judgment, and vivified and ennobled the characters he has retained with such incomparable art, that, as usual, he may be said to have imposed rather than to have incurred an obligation by adopting them.

* "PANDOSTO THE TRIUMPH OF TIME. Wherein is Discovered by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed yet by Time in spite of fortune it is most manifestly revealed. Pleasant for age to avoyde drowisie thoughts, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content.

Temporis filia veritas. By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. Imprinted at London by Thomas Orwin for Thomas Cadman, dwelling at the Signe of the Bible, neere unto the North doore of Paules, 1588."

Persons Represented.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

MAMILLIUS, *Son to Leontes.*

CAMILLO,

ANTIGONUS,

CLEOMENES,

DION,

Sicilian Lords.

Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

FLORIZEL, *Son to Polixenes.*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*

Paulina's Steward.

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, Son to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*

Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA,

Two Ladies,

Attending on the Queen.

MOPSA,

DORCAS,

Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in SICILIA; sometimes in BOHEMIA.*



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

ARCH. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

CAM. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

CAM. Beseech you,—

ARCH. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge, we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintel-

ligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

CAM. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

ARCH. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

CAM. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a

vast;^a and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

ARCH. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

CAM. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject,^b makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

ARCH. Would they else be content to die?

CAM. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

ARCH. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

POL. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks; And yet we should, for perpetuity, Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply, With one we-thank-you, many thousands more That go before it.

LEON. Stay your thanks awhile, And pay them when you part.

POL. Sir, that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance Or breed upon our absence; that may blow No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,

^a — *shook hands, as over a vast;*] So the first folio: that of 1632 reads,—“over a vast sea.” The earlier lection is no doubt the true one; in “The Tempest,” Act I. Sc. 2, we have, “*vast of night;*” and in “Pericles,” Act III. Sc. 1,—

“The God of this great *vast*, rebuke these surges.”

^b — *one that, indeed, physics the subject;*—] “Subject,” in this place, may import the people generally, as it is usually interpreted; yet from the words which immediately follow,—“makes old hearts fresh,” it has perhaps a more particular meaning:—The sight and hopes of the princely boy were cordial to the afflicted, and invigorating to the old.

^c — *that may blow*
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly!]

Hanmer reads,— “This is put forth too *early*.”

And Capell,— “This is put forth too *tardily*.”

The sense appears to be,—Oh that no misfortune may occur at home

This is put forth too truly!^c Besides, I have stay'd

To tire your royalty.

LEON. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

POL. No longer stay.

LEON. One seven-night longer.

POL. Very sooth, to-morrow.

LEON. We'll part the time between's then; and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

POL. Press me not, beseech you, so; There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,

So soon as yours could win me: so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although 'T were needful I denied it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder, Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay, To you a charge and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

LEON. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

HER. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until [sir,

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

LEON. Well said, Hermione.

HER. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go; But let him swear so, and he shall not stay, We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.— Yet of your royal presence [*To* POLIXENES.] I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give him my commission, To let^d him there a month, behind the gest^e Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes, I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind. What lady-she^f her lord.—You'll stay?

to justify my apprehensions, and make me say, “I predicted too truly:” but Mr. Dyce and Mr. Collier suspect, with reason, that the passage is corrupt.

^d *To let—*] *To stay.*

^e — *behind the gest—*] A “*gest*” was the name of the scroll containing the route and resting-places of royalty during a “progress;” and Hermione's meaning may be,—when he visits Bohemia he shall have my licence to prolong his sojourn a month beyond the time prescribed for his departure. But *gest*, or *jest*, also signified a show or revelry, and it is not impossible that the sense intended was,—he shall have my permission to remain a month after the farewell entertainment.

^f *What lady-she her lord.*—] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, prosaically enough, “What lady *should* her lord.” The difficulty in the expression arises, we apprehend, solely from the omission of the hyphen in “lady-she;” that restored, the sense is unmistakable,—I love thee not a tick of the clock behind whatever high-born woman does her husband. So in Massinger's play of “The Bondman,” Act I. Sc. 3,—

“I'll kiss him for the honour of my cow try,
With any she in Corinth.”

POL. No, madam.

HER. Nay, but you will?

POL. I may not, verily.

HER. *Verily!*

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars
with oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,

You shall not go; a lady's verily's

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees

When you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you?

My prisoner or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.

POL. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

HER. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

POL. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

HER. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the
two?

POL. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk
i' the sun,

And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.^a

HER. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

POL. O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us! for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

HER. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer,

^a — the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.]

That is, were the penalty remitted which we inherit from the transgression of our first parents.

^b *With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—* Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes,—

"With spur we clear an acre. But to the good."

If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

LEON. Is he won yet?

HER. He'll stay, my lord.

LEON. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

HER. Never?

LEON. Never, but once.

HER. What! have I twice said well? when
was't before?

I pry'thee, tell me. Cram us with praise, and
make us

As fat as tame things: one good deed dying
tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: you may ride us

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—^b

My last good deed was to entreat his stay;

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?

Nay, let me have't; I long.

LEON. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

HER. 'Tis Grace, indeed!—

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice;

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

The other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to POLIXENES.*

LEON. [*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.

I have *tremor cordis* on me,—my heart dances,—

But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment

May a free face put on; derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,^c

And well become the agent: 't may, I grant:

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,

As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,

As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 't
were

The mort o' the deer;^d O, that is entertainment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows!—Mamillius,

Art thou my boy?

MAM.

Ay, my good lord.

^c — bounty, fertile bosom,—] Hanmer and Mr. Collier's annotator read,—

"— *bounty's* fertile bosom," &c.

^d *The mort o' the deer;*] The mort or *mote* of the deer was a particular strain blown by the huntsmen when the deer was killed. There is perhaps, also, a latent play on the word "*deer*," akin to that in the ensuing speech on "*neat*."



LEON. I' fecks?^a
 Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd
 thy nose?—
 They say, it is a copy out of mine. Come,
 captain,
 We must be neat;—not neat, but cleanly, captain:
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
 Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
 [Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.
 Upon his palm? (1)—How now, you wanton
 calf?
 Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEON. Thou want'st a rough pash,^b and the
 shoots that I have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say we are
 Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
 That will say anything: but were they false.
 As o'er-dyed blacks,^c as wind, as waters;—false
 As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
 To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
 Look on me with your welkin eye:^d sweet
 villain!
 Most dear'st! my collop?—Can thy dam?—
 may't be
 Affection thy intention stabs the centre?
 Thou dost make possible things not so held?
 Commaunicat'st with dreams?—How! can this
 be?—

^a I' fecks?] A popular corruption of "in faith," it is supposed.
^b — a rough pash, —] That is, a tufted head or brow.
^c As o'er-dyed blacks, —] Absurdly changed by Mr. Collier's
 annotator to, "our dead blacks." "Blacks" was the common
 term for mourning habiliments formerly; and by "o'er-dyed
 blacks" were meant such garments as had become rotten and
 faded by frequent immersion in the dye. If any change in the

text be admissible, we should read, "oft dyed blacks." Thus,
 in Webster's "Dutchess of Malfi," Act V. Sc. 2,—

"I do not think but sorrow makes her look
 Like to an oft dy'd garment:"

^d — welkin eye:] That is, sky-coloured eye.



With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing? Then 't is very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something;^a and thou dost,—

And that beyond commission;^b and I find it,—
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

POL. What means Sicilia?

HER. He something seems unsettled.

POL. How, my lord!

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?^c

^a — Can thy dam?—may't be
Affection thy intention stabs the centre?
Thou dost make possible things not so held?
Communicat'st with dreams?—How! can this be?—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing? Then 't is very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something; &c.]

"Affection" here means *imagination*; "intention" signifies *intention* or *intensity*; and the allusion, though the commentators have all missed it, is plainly to that mysterious principle of nature by which a parent's features are transmitted to the offspring. Pursuing the train of thought induced by the acknowledged likeness between the boy and himself, Leontes asks, "Can it be possible a mother's vehement imagination should penetrate even to the womb, and there imprint upon the embryo what stamp she chooses? Such apprehensive fantasy, then," he goes on to say, "we may believe will readily co-join with something tangible, and it does," &c. &c.

^b And that beyond commission;] "Commission" here, as in a former passage of the scene, "I'll give him my commission," means *warrant*, *permission*, *authority*.

HER. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord? (2)

LEON. No, in good earnest.—
[Aside.] How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought^d I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

^c POL. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?]
"In the folio, the words 'What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?' have the prefix 'Leo.:' Hanmer assigned them to Polixenes. Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight restore them—very injudiciously, I think—to Leontes. (I suspect that the true reading here is,—

POL. Ho, my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you? &c.—
for Leontes is standing apart from Polixenes and Hermione; and 'how,' as I have already noticed, was frequently the old spelling of 'ho.'—DYCE.

^d — methought *I did recoil*—] Mr. Collier, upon the strength of a MS. annotation in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, prints "*my thoughts* I did recoil;" but "methoughts" of the original was often used for "methought." So, in the folio text of "Richard III." Act I. Sc. 4,—

"*Me thoughts* that I had broken from the tower," &c.
And in the same scene,—

"*Me thoughts* I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes," &c

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous :
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,^a this gentleman :—Mine honest
friend,

Will you take eggs for money ?^b

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEON. You will ? why, happy man be 's
dole !—My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours ?

POL. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
My parasite, mine soldier, statesman, all :
He makes a July's day short as December ;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEON. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap :
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.^c

HER. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden : shall's attend you
there ?

LEON. To your own bents dispose you : you'll
be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling
now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to !

[*Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.*
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband !^d Gone already !—

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and
Attendants.*

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd^e
one.

Go play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There
have been,

^a *This squash.*—] A "squash" is an immature pea-pod. The word occurs again in "Twelfth Night," Act I. Sc. 5,—

"As a squash before it is a peascod,"

and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 1.

^b Will you take eggs for money ?] This was a proverbial phrase, implying, Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled ?

^c Apparent to my heart.] Nearest to my affections.

^d To her allowing husband !] That is, probably, her *allowed*, her *lawful* husband.

^e — a fork'd one.] A *horned* one. So, in "Othello," Act III. Sc. 3,—

"Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us
When we do *quicken*."

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
(Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by th'
arm,

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour : nay, there's comfort in't
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none ;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant ; and 't is powerful,
think it,

From east, west, north, and south : be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly ; know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage : many a thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy !

MAM. I am like you, they^f say.

LEON. Why, that's some comfort.—
What, Camillo there ?

CAM. Ay, my good lord.

LEON. Go play, Mamillius ; thou'rt an honest
man.—[*Exit MAMILLIUS.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor
hold :

When you cast out, it still came home.

LEON. Didst note it ?

CAM. He would not stay at your petitions ; made
His business more material.

LEON. Didst perceive it ?—
[*Aside.*] They're here with me^g already ; whis-
p'ring, rounding,

Sicilia is a—so-forth : 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay ?

CAM. At the good queen's entreaty.

LEON. At the queen's be't : *good* should be
pertinent ;

But so it is, it is not.^h Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine ?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks :—not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures ? by some severals

^f *I am like you, they say.*] So the second folio ; the first reads, "I am like you say."

^g *They're here with me already ; whisp'ring, &c.*] That is, say the modern editors, "Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers" ! or "They are aware of my condition" ! Strange forgetfulness of a common form of speech. By "*They're here with me already*," the King means,—the people are already mocking me with this opprobrious gesture (the cuckold's emblem with their fingers), and whispering, &c. So in "Coriolanus," Act III. Sc. 2,—

"Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (*here be with them*)."

See also note (^a), p. 161 of the present Volume.

^h But so it is, it is not.] But as you apply the word, it is not pertinent.

Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes^a
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

CAM. *Business*, my lord? I think most under-stand

Bohemia stays here longer.

LEON. Ha?

CAM. Stays here longer.

LEON. Ay, but why?

CAM. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

LEON. *Satisfy*

The entreaties of your mistress?—*satisfy*!—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the near'st things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom,—I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

CAM. Be it forbid, my lord!

LEON. To bide upon't^b—thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes^c honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool, [drawn,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
And tak'st it all for jest.

CAM. My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its^d own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

LEON. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt,—you have, or your eye-
glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think it^e)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought) then say
My wife's a hobbyhorse; * deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

CAM. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so. without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

LEON. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web,^f but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
nothings,

If this be nothing.

CAM. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

LEON. Say it be; 'tis true.

CAM. No, no, my lord.

LEON. It is; you lie, you lie!
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

CAM. Who does infect her?

LEON. Why, he that wears her like her medal,
hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,

(*) Old text, *Holy-Horse*.

^a — lower messes—] Meaning inferior persons; such as sat at meals below the salt.

^b To bide upon't—] This expression appears to mean, as Mr. Dyce has shown by examples,—My abiding opinion is.

^c — hoxes—] To *hox* or *hough* is to hamstring.

^d — its—] The comparatively frequent use of the impersonal "its," (though, for the most part, with the apostrophe, *it's*,) in this piece, while it is found but rarely in any of the other plays; in many, not at all; may be taken as an indication that "The

Winter's Tale" was one of the poet's latest productions. See note (3), p. 330, Vol. I.

^e — that does not think it—] The lection of the second folio, at least in some copies of that edition; the first has, "—that do's not thinke," &c.

^f — the pin and web,—] Has before been explained to mean the disorder of the sight called a cataract.

His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship ; who mayst see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

CAM. Sir, my lord,^a
I could do this ; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison : but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,^b—

LEON. Make that thy question, and go rot !
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation ? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—
Which to preserve is sleep ; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,—
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,—
Without ripe moving to 't ?—Would I do this ?
Could man so blench ?

CAM. I must believe you, sir ;
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for't ;
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake ; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

LEON. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

CAM. My lord,
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

LEON. This is all ;—
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

CAM. I'll do't, my lord.

LEON. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.⁽³⁾ [Exit.]

CAM. O miserable lady !—But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have

All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows : if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't ; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court : to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

POL. This is strange ! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?—
Good day, Camillo.

CAM. Hail, most royal sir !

POL. What is the news i' the court ?

CAM. None rare, my lord.

POL. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself : even now I met him
With customary compliment ; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me ; and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

CAM. I dare not know, my lord.

POL. How ! *dare not* ! do not ? Do you know,
and dare not

Be intelligent to me ? 'Tis thereabouts ;
For to yourself, what you do know, you must
And cannot say you dare not.^c Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too ; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

CAM. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

POL. How ! caught of me ?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk :
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo—
As you are certainly a gentleman ; thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success^d we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behave my know-
ledge

^a Sir, my lord,—] With his usual ignorance of Shakespearian phraseology, Mr. Collier's ever-meddling annotator, both here and in Act III. Sc. 1, where Perdita says—"Sir, my gracious lord," &c., for "Sir," reads "*Sure*." And Mr. Collier, mindless of Paulina's "*Sir*, my liege, your eye hath too much youth," &c. in Act V. Sc. 1, of this very play ; of Prospero's,—"*Sir*, my liege, do not infest your mind," &c. ; of Hamlet's,—"*Sir*, my good friend," &c., chooses to adopt the substitution, and tells us, "*Sure*" is "evidently the true text" !

^b I have lov'd thee,—] These words, though forming a part of Camillo's speech in the old copies, are sometimes assigned to Leontes in modern editions.

^c For to yourself, what you do know, you must
And cannot say you dare not.]

That is,—For what you know, you must not and cannot say you dare not tell yourself.

^d In whose success we are gentle,—] By succession from whom we derive gentility.



Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

CAM. I may not answer.

POL. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the
least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

CAM. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore, mark my
counsel,

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry *lost*, and so good night!

POL. On, good Camillo.

CAM. I am appointed him to murder you!^a

POL. By whom, Camillo?

CAM. By the king.

POL. For what?

CAM. He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he
swears,

^a I am appointed him to murder you!] I am the agent fixed
upon to murder you.

^b To vice you to't,—] To screw you to it. So in "Twelfth
Night," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"— I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour."

As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice^b you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

POL. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!^c
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

CAM. Swear his thought over^d
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath remove, or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

POL. How should this grow?

CAM. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,

^c Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!] That is, with the
name of Judas.

^d Swear his thought over—] Theobald suggested,—“Swear *this*
though, over,” which, besides being foreign to the mode of expres-
sion in Shakespeare's time, is a change quite uncalled for; to swear
over=over-swear, is merely to *owl*-swear.

Clear them o' the city: for myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,
Thereon his execution sworn.

POL. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places^a shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
'Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,

^a — places—] By "places" are perhaps meant *dignities*, or *honours*.

^b Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!]
Warburton gives,—

" — and comfort

Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!^b Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

CAM. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your high-
ness

To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away!

[*Exeunt.*](4)

The gracious queen's;—

Hanmer and Mr. Collier's annotator,—

"Good expedition be my friend! Heaven comfort," &c.;

the latter substituting "dream" for "theme." But we are still
wide—*toto celo, tota regione*—of the genuine text, now, it may be
feared, irrecoverable.





ACT II.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *The Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

HER. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me
Tis past enduring.

1 LADY. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow ?

MAM. No, I'll none of you.

1 LADY. Why, my sweet lord ?

MAM. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me
as if

I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 LADY. And why so, my lord ?

MAM. Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they
say,

Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 LADY. Who taught you this ? *

MAM. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray
now

What colour are your eyebrows ?

1 LADY.

Blue, my lord.

MAM. Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 LADY. Hark ye ;

The queen your mother rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with
us,

If we would have you.

1 LADY.

She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk : good time encounter her !

HER. What wisdom stirs amongst you ?—Come,
sir, now

I am for you again : pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

MAM.

Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

HER. As merry as you will.

MAM.

A sad tale's best for winter :

I have one of sprites and goblins.

HER.

Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down :—come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites ; you're powerful
at it.

MAM. There was a man,—

* Who taught you this ?] It has been customary, since the time
of Rowe, to read,—“Who taught *you* this ?” though in the old text
the pronoun is only indicated by an apostrophe.

HER. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

MAM. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

HER. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

LEON. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him? [never

1 LORD. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

LEON. How bless'd am I
In my just censure!—in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd
In being so bless'd!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd,^a and one may drink, depart,^b
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:^c—I have drunk, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;^d yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 LORD. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

LEON. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy;—I am glad you did not nurse
him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

HER. What is this? sport?

LEON. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
about her;

Away with him!—and let her sport herself
[*Exit MAMILLIUS, with some of the Attendants.*
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

HER. But I'd say he had not,—

And I'll be sworn,—you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

LEON. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and
straight

The shrug, the *hum*, or *ha*,—these petty brands
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said *she's goodly*, come between,
Ere you can say *she's honest*: but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should
be,

She's an aduress!

HER. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

LEON. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O, thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said
She's an aduress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary^e with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerger, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

HER. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this! How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

LEON. No! if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

^a A spider steep'd,—] It was a prevalent belief anciently that spiders were venomous, and that a person might be poisoned by drinking any liquid in which one was infused. From the context it would appear, however, that to render the draught fatal, the victim ought to see the spider. So, in Middleton's "No Wit, no Help like a Woman's," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"Even when my lip touch'd the contracting cup,
Even then to see the spider?"

^b — and one may drink, depart, &c.] Mr. Collier's annotator

reads,—“and one may drink *a part*,” but what Shakespeare wrote, we are persuaded, was,—

“— and one may drink *deep o't*,
And yet partake no venom.”

^c — hefts:—] “Hefts” are *heavings*.

^d — a pinch'd thing;] That is, a *restrained, nipped, confinea* thing.

^e A federary—] A supposed corruption of *feodary*, and signifying a *confederate*, or *accomplice*. See note (d), p. 608, Vol. II

HER. There's some ill planet reigns :
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are,—the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities,—but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown : beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so
The king's will be perform'd !

LEON. Shall I be heard ? [*To the Guards.*]

HER. Who is't that goes with me ?—Beseech
your highness,
My women may be with me, for, you see,
My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools ;
There is no cause : when you shall know your
mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out : this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now [*leave.*]
I trust I shall.⁽¹⁾—My women, come ; you have

LEON. Go, do our bidding ; hence !

[*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies, with Guards.*]

1 LORD. Beseech your highness, call the queen
again.

ANT. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your
justice
Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 LORD. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
T' the eyes of heaven and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

ANT. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;^a
Than when I feel and see her, no farther trust her ;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

LEON. Hold your peaces.

^a *If it prove*
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;]
A prodigious amount of nonsense has been written on this unfortunate passage, but not a single editor or critic has shown the faintest perception of what it means. The accepted explanation, that by "I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife," &c. Antigonus declares that he will have his stables in the same place with his wife ; or, as some writers express it, he will "make his stable or dog-kennel of his wife's chamber" ! sets gravity completely at defiance. What he means—and the excessive grossness of the idea can hardly be excused—is, unquestionably, that if Hermione be proved incontinent he should believe every woman is unchaste ; his own wife as licentious as Semiramis, (*"Equum adamatum a Semiramide,"* &c.—*Pliny*, l. viii. c. 42,) and where he lodged her he would "keep," that is, *guard*, or *fasten* the entry of his stables. This sense of the word "keep" is so common, even in Shakespeare, that it is amazing no one should have seen its application here. For example :—

^b "Dromio, keep the gate."—*Comedy of Errors*, Act II. Sc. 2.

^c "Keep the door close, sirrah."—*Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

1 LORD.

Good my lord,—

ANT. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves ;
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,^b
That will be damn'd for't ; would I knew the
villain,

I would land-damn^c him. Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't : by mine
honour,

I'll geld 'em all ; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs ;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

LEON.

Cease ! no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose : but I do see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments that feel.^d

ANT.

If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty ;
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

LEON.

What ! lack I credit ?

1 LORD. I had rather you did lack than I, my
lord,

Upon this ground ; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for't how you might.

LEON.

Why, what need we

Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness
Imparts this : which, if you (or stupefied,
Or seeming so in skill^e) cannot or will not
Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

ANT.

And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

LEON.

How could that be ?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,

^a "I thank you : keep the door."—*Hamlet*, Act IV. Sc. 5.

^b "Gratiano, keep the house," &c.—*Othello*, Act V. Sc. 2.

^c — and by some putter-on,—] "Putter-on" appears to have been a term of reproach, implying an *instigator*, or *plotter*. It occurs again in "*Henry VIII.*" Act I. Sc. 2. See note (b), p. 650, Vol. II.

^d — land-damn him.] "Land-damn" may almost with certainty be pronounced corrupt. The only tolerable attempt to extract sense from it, as it stands, is that of Rann, who conjectured that it meant "condemned to the punishment of being built up in the earth"—a torture mentioned in "*Titus Andronicus*," Act V. Sc. 3,—

"Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him," &c.

^e

— and see withal
The instruments that feel.]

A stage direction of some kind is required at these words. Hamner gives, "Laying hold of his arm ;" Dr. Johnson, "Striking his brows."

^e — in skill)—] That is, *cunning*, *design*.



Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
 Added to their familiarity,
 (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
 That lack'd, sight only, nought for approbation ;^a
 But only seeing, all other circumstances
 Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding :
 Yet, for a greater confirmation,
 (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
 Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
 They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well ?

1 LORD. Well done, my lord.

LEON. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
 Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he
 Whose ignorant credulity will not
 Come up to the truth. So have we thought it
 good,

From our free person she should be confin'd,
 Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;
 We are to speak in public ; for this business
 Will raise us all.

ANT. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
 If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

^a That lack'd, sight only, nought for approbation ;] The meaning
 is,—That wanted, seeing excepted, nothing for proof.

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer Room of a
 Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

PAUL. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;
 Let him have knowledge who I am.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Good lady !

No court in Europe is too good for thee ;
 What dost thou, then, in prison ?

Re-enter Attendant, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not ?

GAOL. For a worthy lady,
 And one who much I honour.

PAUL. Pray you, then,
 Conduct me to the queen.

GAOL. I may not, madam : to the contrary
 I have express commandment.

PAUL. Here's ado,
 To lock up honesty and honour from [you,
 The access of gentle visitors !—Is't lawful, pray
 To see her women ? any of them ? Emilia ?

GAOL. So please you, madam,
 To put apart these your attendants, I
 Shall bring Emilia forth.

PAUL. I pray now, call her.—
 Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

GAOL. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

PAUL. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

EMIL. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

PAUL. A boy?

EMIL. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

PAUL. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes* i' the king! be-
shrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon-me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loudest. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

EMIL. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living [*ship*
So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

PAUL. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from't,
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

EMIL. Now be you bless'd for it!
I'll to the queen: please you, come something
nearer. [*the babe,*

GAOL. Madam, if't please the queen to send
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

* These dangerous unsafe lunes—] To remedy the apparent
tautology in this line, Mr. Collier's annotator would have us read,
—still more tautologically,—

"These dangerous *unsane* lunes," &c.

But the old text needs no alteration; "dangerous," like its syno-

PAUL. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great Nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

GAOL. I do believe it.

PAUL. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants,
in waiting behind.

Enter LEONTES.

LEON. Nor night nor day no rest. It is but
weakness

To bear the matter thus;—mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level^b of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me:—say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 ATTEND. [*Advancing.*] My lord!

LEON. How does the boy?

1 ATTEND. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

LEON. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*]—Fie, fie! no
thought of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance,—let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 LORD. You must not enter.

PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second
to me:

nym "perilous," was sometimes used for *biting, caustic, mischievous*; and in some such sense may very well stand here.

^b — out of the blank

* And level of my brain,—]

"Blank" and "level" are terms in gunnery; the former means
mark, the latter range.



Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

ANT. That's enough.

2 ATTEND. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded

None should come at him.

PAUL. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,—

That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

LEON. What* noise there ho?

(*) First folio, *who*.

PAUL. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

LEON. How!—
Away with that audacious lady!—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

ANT. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

LEON. What, canst not rule her?

PAUL. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

ANT. La you now! you hear:
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

PAUL. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting^a your evils;
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

LEON. Good queen!

PAUL. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I
say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

LEON. Force her hence.

PAUL. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the Child.]

LEON. Out!
A mankind^b witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

PAUL. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest^c
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

LEON. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou dotard [To ANTIGONUS.], thou art woman-
tir'd,^d unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

PAUL. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness^e
Which he has put upon 't!

LEON. He dreads his wife!

PAUL. So I would you did; then 't were past
all doubt

You'd call your children yours.

LEON. A nest of traitors!

ANT. I am none, by this good light.

PAUL. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and
will not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

LEON. A callat,
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her
husband,

And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire!

PAUL. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.^f—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father,—eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

LEON. A gross hag!—
And, losel,^g thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANT. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

LEON. Once more, take her hence!

PAUL. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

LEON. I'll have thee burn'd.

PAUL. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;

^f And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—]

Overbury quotes this "old proverb" in his character of "A Sar-
geant":—"The devill calls him his white sonne; he is so like
him, that he is the worse for it, and hee lokes after his father."—
OVERBURY'S Works, Ed. 1616.

^g — losel,—] Said to be derived from the Saxon *Losian*, to
lose, and to mean an abandoned, worthless fellow.

^a — in comforting your evils,—] "Comforting" is here em-
ployed in the old and forensic sense of *encouraging, abetting,*
&c.

^b A mankind witch! See note (a), p. 167.

^c — honest—] That is, *chaste*.

^d — woman-tir'd,—] As we say, *hen-pecked*.

^e — by that forced baseness—] By that *false* appellation,
bastard.

But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation [savours
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEON. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

PAUL. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove
send her [hands?—

A better guiding spirit!—What needs these
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

LEON. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with 't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

ANT. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

1 LORD. We can:—my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

LEON. You're liars all. [credit:

1 LORD. Beseech your highness, give us better
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech^a
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

LEON. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:—
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;

[To ANTIGONUS.
You that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,^b—what will you ad-
venture
To save this brat's life?

^a — and beseech —] Here again in the old text the elision of *you* is marked by an apostrophe; thus, beseech'.

^b So sure as this beard's grey,—] Unless we read according to a marginal annotation in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, —“*thy* beard,” we must suppose the king to point to, or touch the beard of Antigonus; he himself, who twenty-three years before the play began was unbreeched, could hardly have a grey beard.

ANT. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose:—at least, thus much,
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent:—anything possible.

LEON. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

ANT. I will, my lord.

LEON. Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for
the fail

Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it^c own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,
That thou commend^d it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

ANT. I swear to do this, though a present
death

Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require!—and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! (2)

[Exit, with the Child.
No, I'll not rear

LEON. Another's issue.

2 ATTEND. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 LORD. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

LEON. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.

^c — to it own protection—] Although the pronoun “*its*” occurs more frequently in this piece than in any other of Shakespeare's plays, showing it to have been one of his last works, that now indispensable vocable was still only in its infancy; for in this drama we have “*it*” in the instance above, and again in Act III. Sc. 2,—
“The innocent milke in *it* most innocent mouth.”

^d — commend—] To commend was to commit.



ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Street in some Town.*

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

CLEO. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

DION. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them) and the re-
verence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

CLEO. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

DION. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be it so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

CLEO. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

DION. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh
horses;—
And gracious be the issue! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

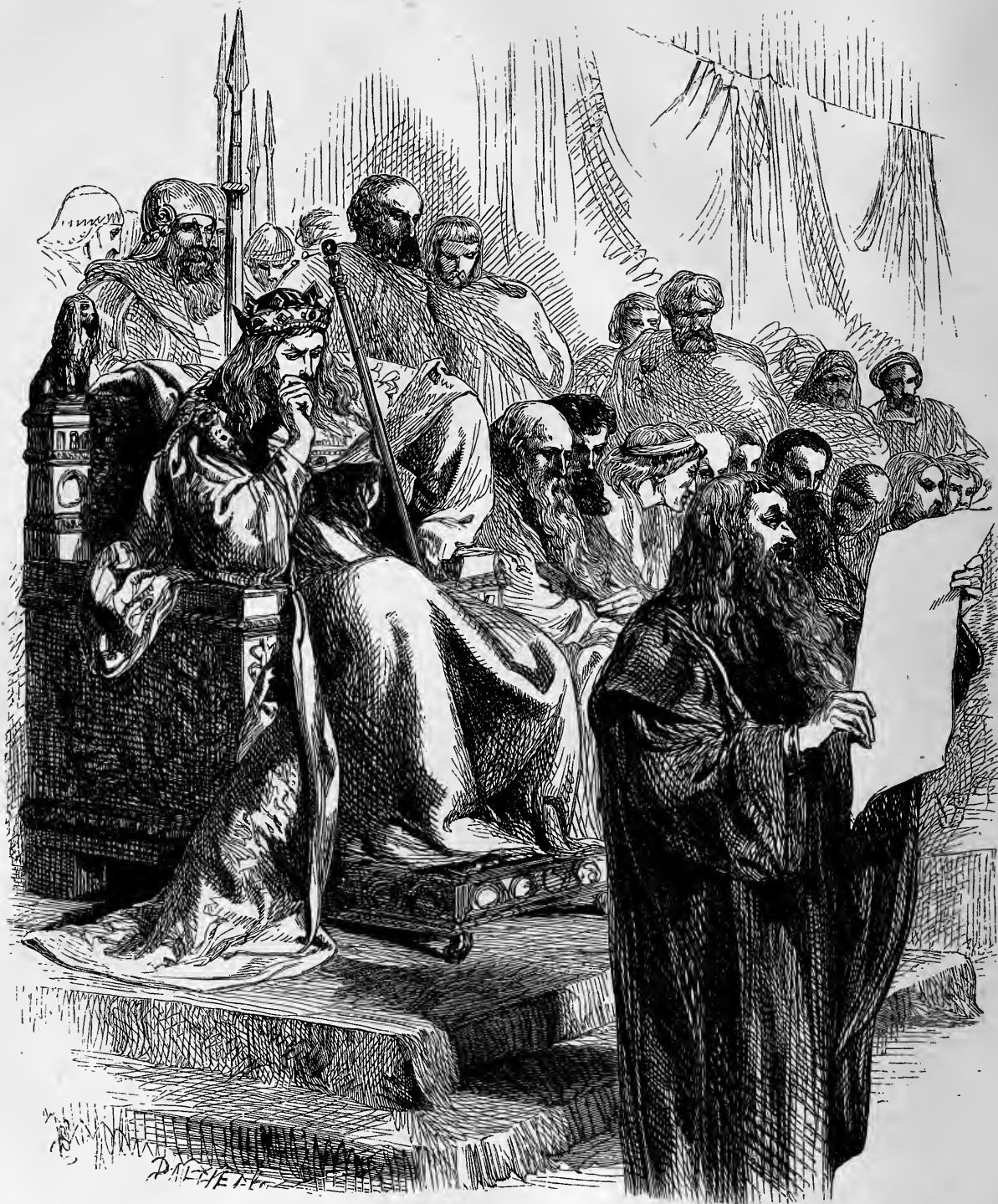
LEONTES, 'Lords, and Officers discovered, pro-
perly seated.

LEON. This sessions (to our great grief we
pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart; the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

OFF. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!*

* Silence!] In the old copies this word stands as a stage di-
rection; but that it was intended for a command, to be spoken by

the officer, or by the ordinary crier, is evident. Compare the
opening of the scene of Queen Katharine's trial in "Henry VIII."



Enter HERMIONE, guarded ; PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

LEON. Read the indictment.

OFFI. [Reads.] *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia ; and*

conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband : the pretence^a whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

^a — pretence—] That is, *plot, design, &c.* So, in "Macbeth," Act II. Sc. 1,—

— and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice "



HER. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot
me

To say, *Not guilty*; mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),

I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators; for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe

A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief,^a which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: ^b if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry *Fie!* upon my grave!

LEON. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

HER. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON. You will not own it.

HER. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must
not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess
I lov'd him,—as in honour he requir'd,—
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had
spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you
know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

HER. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:

^a — For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare:]

It is surprising this passage should have passed without question,
for "grief" must surely be an error. Hermione means that life
to her is of as little estimation as the most trivial thing which
she would part with; and she expresses the same sentiment
shortly after, in similar terms,—

"— no life,—

I prize it not a straw."

Could she speak of "grief" as a trifle, of no moment or import-
ance?

^b With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus:]

My life stands in the level of your dreams,^c
Which I'll lay down.

LEON. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—as you were past all
shame,

(Those of your fact^d are so,) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.⁽¹⁾

HER. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: my second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it^e most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion;—lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—no life,—
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises,—all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake,—I tell you
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!⁽²⁾

1 LORD. This your request
Is altogether just:—therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

HER. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery,—yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

This is not remarkably perspicuous; the sense appears to be,—
By what unwarrantable familiarity have I lapsed, that I should
be made to stand as a public criminal thus?

^c — in the level—] To be *in the level* is to be within the range
or compass;—"and therefore when under his covert or pertision
he is gotten within his *levell* and hath the Winde fit and certaine,
then hee shall make choice of his marke," &c.—MARKHAM'S
Hunger's Prevention, 1621, p. 45.

^d (Those of your fact—] Those of your *crime*. Thus, in
"Pericles," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"Becoming well thy fact."

^e — in it most innocent mouth,—] See note (^b), p. 214.

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

OFFI. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

CLEO. and DION. All this we swear.

LEON. Break up the seals, and read.

OFFI. [Reads.] *Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*⁽³⁾

LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

HER. Praised!

LEON. Hast thou read truth?

OFFI. Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down.

LEON. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter an Attendant, hastily.

ATTEN. My lord the king, the king!

LEON. What is the business?

ATTEN. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,^a is gone.

LEON. How! gone?

ATTEN. Is dead.

LEON. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE faints.]
How now there!

PAUL. This news is mortal to the queen.—
Look down,

And see what death is doing.

LEON. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

^a Of the queen's speed,—] Of the queen's fate, hap, fortune.

^b No richer than his honour, how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

The force of this is miserably enfeebled by the punctuation heretofore adopted,—

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended.
No richer than his honour, how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!^b

Re-enter PAULINA.

PAUL. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 LORD. What fit is this, good lady?

PAUL. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying?
boiling

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed,—stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing,—
That did but show thee of a fool,^c inconstant
And damnable^d ingrateful; nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour
To have him kill a king;—poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little,—though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't;
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O, lords,

“— and to the hazard

Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour. How he glisters,” &c.

^c That did but show thee of a fool,—] Theobald proposed to read,—“of a soul;” and Warburton,—“show thee off, a fool;” but any change would be to destroy a form of speech characteristic of the author's time; “of a fool,” is the same as “for a fool.”

^d And damnable ingrateful;] That is, “damnable ingrateful.”

When I have said, cry, *Woe!*^a—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet!

1 LORD. The higher powers forbid!

PAUL. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O, thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

LEON. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 LORD. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

PAUL. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman! he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's
past help,

Should be past grief; do not receive affliction
At my petition;^b I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,—
Sir, royal sir,—forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

LEON. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much
better

Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto

^a When I have said, cry, *Woe!* When I have done, do you cry, *Woe!*

^b — do not receive affliction
At my petition;

We should perhaps read,—“do not revive affliction,” &c., but certainly not,—

“— do not receive affliction
At repetition;”

as suggested by Mr. Collier's annotator.

^c *Thou art perfect, then,*—] “Perfect” is commonly used by our old writers for *confident, well assured*; thus in “*Cymbeline*,” Act III. Sc. 1,—“I am perfect that the Pannonians and Dalmatians are—” &c.

Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter ANTIGONUS with the Babe; and a Mariner.

ANT. Thou art perfect^c then, our ship hath
touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

MAR. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters; in my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

ANT. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get
aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

MAR. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

ANT. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

MAR. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.]

ANT. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard (but not believ'd) the spirits o' the
dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some, another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming:^d in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,

^d So fill'd, and so becoming:] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, and Mr. Collier adopts, an alteration which at once destroys the meaning of the poet, and converts a beautiful image into one pre-eminently ludicrous:—

“So fill'd, and so o'er-running”!

“So becoming” here means, so *self-restrained*: not as it is usually explained, so *decent*, or so *dignified*. Compare the following in “*Romeo and Juliet*,” Act IV. Sc. 2,—

“I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;
And gave him what *becomed* love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.”

*Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it, crying; and, for the
babe*

*Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!—*

[Laying down the Child.]

There lie; and there thy character:^a there these;—

[Laying down a bundle.]

Which may, if Fortune please both breed thee,
(pretty!)

And still rest thine.^b—The storm begins:—poor
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more:—thou'rt like to
have

A lullaby too rough:—I never saw
The heavens so dim by day.—

[Noise without of Hunters and Dogs.]

A savage clamour!—

Well may I get aboard!—*[Sees a Bear.]* This is
the chase!

I am gone for ever! *[Exit, pursued by the Bear.]*

Enter an old Shepherd.

SHEP. I would there were no age between ten
and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep
out the rest; for there is nothing in the between
but getting wenches with child, wronging the
ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now!—
Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and

^a — *thy* character:] Some ciphers and the name, "Perdita," by which the child hereafter might be recognised.

^b Blossom, speed thee well!—
There lie; and there thy character: there these;—
Which may, if Fortune please both breed thee, (pretty!)
And still rest thine.]

The meaning is manifestly,—“Poor Blossom, good speed to thee! which may happen, despite thy present desolate condition, if Fortune please to adopt thee, (thou pretty one!) and remain thy constant friend;” the intermediate line,—“There lie,” &c. being, of course, parenthetical. From the punctuation hitherto adopted,—

“Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie; and there thy character; there these;

two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have
scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear
the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any-
where I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing
of ivy.⁽⁴⁾ Good luck, an't be thy will!—What
have we here? *[Taking up the Babe.]* Mercy on 's,
a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child,^c
I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure,
some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can
read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has
been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some
behind-door-work: they were warmer that got
this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up
for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he hol-
laed but even now.—Whoa, ho hoa!

CLO. *[Without.]* Hilloa, loa!

SHEP. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a
thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,
come hither.

Enter Clown.

What ailest thou, man?

CLO. I have seen two such sights, by sea and
by land!—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is
now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you
cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHEP. Why, boy, how is it?

CLO. I would you did but see how it chafes,
how it rages, how it takes up the shore!—but
that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry
of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not
to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with
her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and
froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead.
And then for the land-service,—to see how the
bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to
me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a
nobleman:—but to make an end of the ship,—to
see how the sea flap-dragoned it^d:—but, first, how
the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;
—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the
bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the
sea or weather.

SHEP. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

CLO. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw
these sights: the men are not yet cold under

Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee pretty,
And still rest thine,”

the editors, one and all, must have supposed Antigonus to anticipate that the rich clothes, &c. which he leaves with the child, might breed it beautiful and prove of permanent utility to it in its after course of life.

^c A boy or a child, I wonder?] “I am told, that in some of our inland counties, a female infant, in contradistinction to a male one, is still termed, among the peasantry,—a child.”—STEEVENS.

In support of this, Mr. Halliwell quotes the following from Hole's MS. Glossary of Devonshire Words, collected about 1780, “A child, a female infant.”

^d — the sea flap-dragoned it:—] This may mean,—swallowed it as our old revellers did a flap-dragon.



water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman, —he's at it now.

SHEP. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

CLO. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

SHEP. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but

* — a bearing cloth—] The mantle in which an infant was wrapped when carried to the font to be baptized.

look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing cloth* for a squire's child! look thee here! take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see:—it was told me I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling:—open't. What's within, boy?

CLO. You're a made* old man; if the sins of

(*) Old text, *mad*.

your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

SHEP. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with it, keep it close; ^a home, home, the next ^b way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—come, good boy, the next way home.

CLO. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never

curst ^c but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

SHEP. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

CLO. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

SHEP. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't. [Exeunt.]

^a This is fairy gold,—keep it close;] To divulge the possession of fairies' gifts was supposed to entail misfortune. Thus, Ben Jonson,—

"A prince's secrets are like fairy favours,
Wholesome if kept; but poison if discover'd."

^b — the next way.] "The next way" meant the nearest way

^c — curst—] That is, malicious, dangerous.



ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

TIME. I,—that please some, try all ; both joy
and terror
Of good and bad ;—that make and unfold error ;—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap ; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd : I witness to
The times that brought them in ; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing

As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,—
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,
That he shuts up himself ;—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia ;^a and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering : what of her ensues
I list not prophesy ; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth :—a shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now ;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*]

^a Leontes leaving,—
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,
That he shuts up himself ;—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia ;]

It is hardly credible that, in every edition, not excepting even that of Mr. Dyce, which is immeasurably superior to most others in the article of punctuation, these lines should stand thus,—

“ — Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving
That he shuts up himself ; imagine me,” &c. !

If the absurdity of representing Leontes as “leaving” the consequences of his foolish jealousies, and at the same time as so “grieving” over them that he shuts himself up, were not enough to

indicate the poet's meaning, how could any editor possibly miss it who had bestowed a moment's reflection on the parallel passage in the original story?—“This epitaph being engraven, Pandosto would once a day repaire to the tombe, and there with watry plaintes bewaile his misfortune, coveting no other companion but sorrowe, nor no other harmonie but repentance. *But leaving him to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to shewe the tragicall discourse of the young infant.*” Compare, too, the corresponding lines in *Sabie's “Fisherman's Tale,”* 1595,—

“He having thus her funerals dispatcht,
Liv'd in vast dolour, and perpetuall grieve,
Sighing, and crying out against the Fates;
*Amid these woes, whome now I meane to leave,
And make recourse unto this little babe,”* &c.





SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

POL. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

CAM. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so,—which is another spur to my departure.

POL. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou

callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

CAM. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have missingly^a noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

POL. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence;—that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

CAM. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

POL. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but^b I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.

^a — but I have missingly noted,—] Hanmer, with some plausibility, reads,—“*musingly* noted,” and Mr. Collier's annotator proposes the same substitution.

^b — but I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.] “But,” in

this place, is the Saxon *Botan*=to boot, and the King's meaning,—The attractions of that girl form part of my intelligence, and they are, I apprehend, the angle which draws the prince there.



Thou shalt accompany us to the place ; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd ; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.

POL. My best Camillo !—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With hey ! the doxy over the dale,—

Why then comes in the sweet o' the year ;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging^a tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark that tirra-lirra chants,—
With hey! with hey!^b the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time,
wore three-pile;^c but now I am out of service:

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? [Singing.
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to
lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus;
who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was
likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With
die and drab I purchased this caparison; and my
revenue is the silly cheat:^d gallows and knock
are too powerful on the highway; beating and
hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I
sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

CLO. Let me see:—every 'leven wether tods;^e
every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen
hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

AUT. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

[Aside.

CLO. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me
see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing
feast? *[Reads.] Three pound of sugar; five pound
of currants; rice—*What will this sister of mine
do with rice? But my father hath made her
mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She
hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the
shearers,—three-man song-men^f all, and very good
ones; but they are most of them means and bases;
but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings
psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to
colour the warden^g pies; mace,—dates,—none,
that's out of my note; *[Reads.] nutmegs, seven;
a race or two of ginger;* but that I may beg;—

^a — pugging tooth—] Pugging was a cant term equivalent to priggish.

^b With hey! with hey!] The second "with hey!" was added in the folio of 1632.

^c — three-pile;] That is, *three-piled velvet*.

^d — the silly cheat:] A technical phrase in rogues' parlance, meaning *petty theft*.

*four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'
the sun.*

AUT. O, that ever I was born!

[Groveling on the ground.

CLO. I' the name of me—

AUT. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these
rags; and then, death, death!

CLO. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more
rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

AUT. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offend
me more than the stripes I have received; which
are mighty ones and millions.

CLO. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may
come to a great matter.

AUT. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money
and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable
things put upon me.

CLO. What by, a horse-man or a foot-man?

AUT. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

CLO. Indeed, he should be a foot-man by the
garments he has left with thee; if this be a
horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service.
Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me
thy hand.

[Helping him up.

AUT. O, good sir! tenderly, O!

CLO. Alas, poor soul!

AUT. O, good sir! softly, good sir! I fear, sir,
my shoulder-blade is out.

CLO. How now! canst stand?

AUT. Softly, dear sir; *[Picks his pocket.]* good
sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

CLO. Dost lack any money? I have a little
money for thee.

AUT. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you,
sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a
mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there
have money, or anything I want. Offer me no
money, I pray you,—that kills my heart.

CLO. What manner of fellow was he that robbed
you?

AUT. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go
about with trol-my-dames:⁽¹⁾ I knew him once a
servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for
which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly
whipped out of the court.

CLO. His vices, you would say; there's no
virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it,
to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but
abide.^h

AUT. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this
man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer;⁽²⁾
then a process-server, a bailiff; then he com-
passed a motion of the Prodigal Son,⁽³⁾ and married

^e — every 'leven wether tods:] He means, every eleven wethers
yields a tod, i. e. twenty-eight pounds of wool.

^f — three-man song-men—] Singers of songs in three parts.

^g — warden pies:] Wardens was the old name for a species of
pears.

^h — and yet it will no more but abide.] Equivalent to,—And
yet it will barely, or with difficulty, remain.



a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

CLO. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

AUT. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

CLO. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run.

AUT. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

CLO. How do you now?

AUT. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

CLO. Shall I bring thee on the way?

AUT. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir

CLO. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

AUT. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.]—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,^a and my name put in the book of virtue!

[Singing

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent^b the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.⁽⁴⁾*

[Exit

^a — let me be unrolled,—] Struck off the roll of vagabonds, and entered on the book of true men.

^b hent the stile-a:] "Hent" is from the Saxon *hentan*,—to take.

SCENE III.—*The same. Before a Shepherd's Cottage.**Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

FLO. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me,—
O, pardon, that I name them!—your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly
maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our
feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; swoon,^a I think,
To show myself a glass.

FLO. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.⁽⁵⁾

PER. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your great-
ness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father by some accident
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

FLO. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now:⁽⁶⁾—their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

PER. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king;
One of these two must be necessities,

Which then will speak,—that you must change
this purpose,

Or I my life.

FLO. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these fore'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say *No*. Be merry, gentle!^b
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming:

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

PER. O, lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

FLO. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO
disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and
other Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

SHEP. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,
upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now
here,

At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come
on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

PER. Sir, welcome!
[To POLIXENES.

It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.—You're welcome,
sir! [To CAMILLO.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
sirs,

^a — swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.]

So Hanmer; and to our mind the emendation is so convincingly
true, that we are astonished it should ever have been questioned.

The old copies have, "—sworne, I think."

^b Be merry, gentle! Mr. Collier's annotator, in his rage for
reformation, changes this to, "Be merry, girl." The meaning is
obviously,—Be merry, gentle one!

Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,^a
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

POL. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

PER. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

POL. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

PER. So it is.

POL. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

PER. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you:
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold,^b that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: ye're very welcome.

CAM. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,

And only live by gazing.

PER. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O, Proserpina,⁽⁷⁾
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st
fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,—a malady
Most incident to maids;—bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLO. What! like a corse?

PER. No, like a bank for love to lie and play
on;

Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.—Come, take your
flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

FLO. What you do

Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms
Pray so; and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

PER. O, Doricles!

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through
it,^c

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

FLO. I think you have

As little skill^d to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

PER. I'll swear for 'em.

POL. This is the prettiest low-born lass that
ever

Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or
seems,

But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

CAM. He tells her something

^a — gillyvors,—] An ancient and popular form of "gilly-flowers."

^b The marigold,—] The sun-flower. "Some calle it, *Sponsus Solis*, the Spowse of the Sunne, because it sleepes and is awakened with him."—Lupton's *Book of Notable Things*.

^c And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,—] Mr. Collier's annotator, as "necessary to the measure," proposes,—

"which peeps so fairly," &c. But the rhythm does not require the addition; we need only make a slight transposition, and read,—

"And the true blood which through it fairly peeps."

^d As little skill—] As little reason, &c

That makes her blood look out : ^a good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

CLO. Come on, strike up !

DOR. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry,
garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

MOP. Now, in good time !

CLO. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our
manners.—

Come, strike up ! [Music.]

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

POL. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is
this

Which dances with your daughter ?

SHEP. They call him Doricles ; and boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding : but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it ;
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my
daughter ;

I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

POL. She dances featly.

SHEP. So she does anything ; though I report it,
That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. O master, if you did but hear the pedler
at the door, you would never dance again after a
tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move
you : he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell
money : he utters them as he had eaten ballads,
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

CLO. He could never come better : he shall
come in : I love a ballad but even too well, if it be
doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

SERV. He hath songs for man or woman, of all
sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves : he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ;
so without bawdry, which is strange ; with such

delicate burdens of *dildos* and *jadings* : *jump her
and thump her* ; and where some stretch-mouth'd
rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break
a foul gap ^b into the matter, he makes the maid to
answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man* ; puts
him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm,
good man*.

POL. This is a brave fellow.

CLO. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-
conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided ^c wares ?

SERV. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the
rainbow ; points, ^d more than all the lawyers in Bo-
hemia can learnedly handle, though they come to
him by the gross ; inkles, caddisses, ^e cambrics,
lawns ; why, he sings 'em over, as they were
gods or goddesses ; you would think, a smock were
a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and
the work about the square ^f on 't.

CLO. Pr'ythee, bring him in ; and let him ap-
proach singing.

PER. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous
words in 's tunes. [Exit Servant.]

CLO. You have of these pedlers, that have more
in them than you'd think, sister.

PER. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn as white as driven snow ;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces and for noses ;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel ; (8)*

*What maids lack from head to heel :
Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry : come, buy.*

CLO. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
shouldst take no money of me ; but being en-
thralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of
certain ribands and gloves.

MOP. I was promised them against the feast ;
but they come not too late now.

DOR. He hath promised you more than that, or
there be liars.

^a *That makes her blood look out :* Theobald's correction ; the
old text having,—“look on 't.” The misprint was not uncommon :
thus, in “Cymbeline,” Act II. Sc. 3,—

“Must wear the print of his remembrance out,”

and in “Twelfth Night,” Act III. Sc. 4,—

“And laid mine honour too unchary out,”

where, in both instances, the old editions have “on 't.”

^b — *a foul gap*—] Mr. Collier's annotator would read,—*a foul
jape*, that is, a broad jest ; but a “foul gap” means a gross paren-

thesis. See Puttenham's “Arte of Poesy,” Lib. III. c. xii., under
Parenthesis, or the *Insertour*.

^c — *unbraided wares ?*] That is, *unspoiled, unfaded*, sterling
goods.

^d — *points*,—] A quibble on “points,” the laces with metal tags
by which the dress was fastened up, and themes for argument.

^e — *inkles, caddisses*,—] *Inkle* is a kind of tape ; and *caddis* a
narrow worsted galloon.

^f — *the square on 't.*] The “square” appears to have signified
the bosom part of the chemise, which, as we see in old pictures
and engravings, was frequently ornamented with embroidery.



MOP. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more;—which will shame you to give him again.

CLO. Is there no manners left among maids? w'll they wear their plackets where they should

^a *Clamour your tongues*.—] Some will have this to be a corruption of *chamour* or *chaumbre*, from the French *châmer*, to *frain*: others suspect it to be only a misprint for *charm*; but from the following line in Taylor, the Water Poet, first cited by

bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering Clamour^a your tongues, and not a word more.

Mr. Hunter,—

"*Clamour* the promulgation of your tongues," it would seem to have been a familiar phrase.

MOP. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace^a and a pair of sweet gloves.

CLO. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

AUT. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

CLO. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

AUT. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

CLO. What hast here? ballads?

MOP. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

AUT. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

MOP. Is it true, think you?

AUT. Very true; and but a month old.

DOR. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

AUT. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

MOP. Pray you now, buy it.

CLO. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

AUT. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids:⁽⁹⁾ it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

DOR. Is it true too, think you?

AUT. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

CLO. Lay it by too: another.

AUT. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

MOP. Let's have some merry ones.

AUT. Why, this is a passing^b merry one, and goes to the tune of '*Two maids wooing a man*:' there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

MOP. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

DOR. We had the tune on't a month ago.

AUT. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I must go;
Where it fits not you to know.*

^a — a tawdry lace—] A sort of ornament worn by women round the neck or waist, and so called, it is said, after St. Audrey (Etheldreda).

^b — a passing merry one,—] As we should now call it, a *surpassingly* merry one, an *exceeding* merry one.

D. *Whither?*

M. *O, whither?*

D. *Whither?*

M. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:*

D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*

D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

A. *Neither.*

D. *What, neither?*

A. *Neither.*

D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*

Then whither go'st? say, whither?

CLO. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad^c talk, and we'll not trouble them.—Come, bring away thy pack after me.—Wench, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

[Exit with MOPSA and DORCAS.]

AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[Singing.]

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.* [Exit.]

Re-enter Servant.

SERV. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair;⁽¹⁰⁾ they call themselves Saltiers:^d and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

SHEP. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

POL. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

SERV. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.^e

SHEP. Leave your prating: since these good

^c — sad—] For *grave*, *serious*.

^d — Saltiers:] The rustic's blunder for *Satyr*s.

^e — the squire.] The foot-rule: French, *esquierre*. See note (b), p. 92, Vol. I.

men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

SERV. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

POL. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—^a

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.
[*Aside.*] He's simple and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing mated with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

FLO. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand,—this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted^b by the northern blasts twice o'er.

POL. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

FLO. Do, and be witness to't.

POL. And this my neighbour too?

FLO. And he, and more
Than he, and men,—the earth, the heavens, and all:—

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge
[them,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize

Without her love; for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition!

POL. Fairly offer'd.

CAM. This shows a sound affection.

SHEP. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

PER. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

SHEP. Take hands, a bargain!—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

FLO. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;^c
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

SHEP. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

POL. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

FLO. I have: but what of him?

POL. Knows he of this?

FLO. He neither does nor shall.

POL. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
more;

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?^d
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did, being childish?

FLO. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

POL. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

FLO. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

^a O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—] This we must suppose to be a continuation of some discourse begun between Polixenes and the old Shepherd while the dance proceeded.

^b — bolted—] *Sifted.*

^c — more than you can dream of yet;

Enough then for your wonder.]

We have shown before, in several instances, that "yet" was fre-

quently used in the sense of *now*. In the present passage that meaning is indispensable to the antithesis.

^d — dispute his own estate?] That is, reason upon his affairs or condition. The phrase is found again in "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 3,—

"Let me dispute with thee of thy estate."

POL. Let him know 't.

FLO. He shall not.

POL. Pr'ythee, let him.

FLO. No, he must not.

SHEP. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

FLO. Come, come, he must not:—

Mark our contract.

POL. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base

To be acknowledg'd: thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can

But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

SHEP. Q, my heart!

POL. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers,
and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as
never^a

I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,

Far than Deucalion off;—mark thou my words;—

Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,

That makes himself, but for our honour therein,

Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,

Or hoop* his body more with thy embraces,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee

As thou art tender to 't. [Exit.]

PER. Even here undone!^b

I was not much afeard: for once or twice

I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,

The self-same sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
[To FLORIZEL.]

I told you what would come of this: beseech you,

Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,

But milk my ewes, and weep.

(*) Old text, *hope*.

^a That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt)—]

The first "never" appears to have crept in by the inadvertence of
the compositor, whose eye caught it from the end of the line.

^b Even here undone! This is the accepted punctuation, and it
ought not to be lightly tampered with; yet some readers may
possibly think with us that the passage would be more in harmony

CAM.

Why, how now, father!

Speak, ere thou diest.

SHEP.

I cannot speak, nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[To FLORIZEL.]

You have undone a man of fourscore three,

That thought to fill his grave in quiet,—yea,

To die upon the bed my father died,

To lie close by his honest bones! but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[To PERDITA.]

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst
adventure

To mingle faith with him!—Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire. [Exit.]

FLO.

Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;

More straining on for plucking back; not following

My leash unwillingly.

CAM.

Gracious my lord,

You know your * father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech,—which I do guess

You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

FLO.

I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

CAM.

Even he, my lord.

PER. How often have I told you 't would be
thus!

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 't were known!

FLO.

It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith; and then

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:—

From my succession wipe me, father! I

Am heir to my affection.

CAM.

Be advis'd.

FLO. I am,—and by my fancy:^c if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,

Do bid it welcome.

CAM.

This is desperate, sir.

FLO. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow,^d

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo.

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

(*) First folio, *my*.

with the high-born spirit by which Perdita is unconsciously sus-
tained in this terrible moment, if it were read,—

Even here undone,

I was not much afeard; for once or twice," &c.

^c — by my fancy:] That is, by my love.

^d — but it does fulfil my vow,—] *As*, is understood,—“but *as* it
does fulfil my vow, I needs must think it honesty.”

Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd : therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion. Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
And, most opportune to our^a need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

CAM. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need !

FLO. Hark, Perdita.—
[Takes her aside.]

I'll hear you by and by. [To CAMILLO.]

CAM. He's irremovable^b
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn ;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour ;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

FLO. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [Going.]

CAM. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father ?

FLO. Very nobly
Have yca deserv'd : it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds ; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

CAM. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness ; where you may
Enjoy your mistress ; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend ! your ruin) marry her ;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

FLO. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

CAM. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go ?

FLO. Not any yet :
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

CAM. Then list to me :
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia ;
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
(For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes ;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth ; asks thee, the* son, for-
givenness,

As 't were i' the father's person ; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess ; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness,—the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

FLO. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

CAM. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

FLO. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

CAM. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most
certain,
To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;
But, as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors ; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be : besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

PER. One of these is true :

^a — to our need,—] Theobald's correction, the old copies reading, "her need."

^b He's irremovable
Resolv'd for flight.]

(*) Old text, there.

"Irremovable" is here employed adverbially ; "He's irremoveably resolved," &c. So in Act III. Sc. 2,— "And damnable ungrateful."

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

CAM. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years,
Be born another such.

FLO. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear of our birth.^a

CAM. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

PER. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

FLO. My prettiest Perdita!—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.^b

CAM. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one
word. [They talk aside.]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

AUT. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman!
I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit
stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,^c brooch,
table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie,
bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting;
they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets
had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to
the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse
was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good
use I remembered. My clown (who wants but
something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love
with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his
pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which
so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their
other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched
a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld
a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys
off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling,
but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing^d of
it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and

^a — i' the rear of our birth.] The original has,—"i' th' reare'
our Birth."

^b Nor shall appear in Sicilia.] It is usual to print this with a
break after "Sicilia;" the proper remedy, we believe, is to insert
"so," which appears to have dropped out at press,—“Nor shall
appear so in Sicilia.”

^c — pomander,—] A pomander was a ball of perfumes, 'Pomme
d'ambre,' carried in the pocket, worn round the neck, or suspended

cut most of their festival purses; and had not the
old man come in with a whoobub against his
daughter and the king's son, and scared my
choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive
in the whole army.

[CAM. FLO. and PER. come forward.]

CAM. Nay, but my letters, by this means being
there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

FLO. And those that you'll procure from king
Leontes—

CAM. Shall satisfy your father.

PER. Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

CAM. Who have we here?—

[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

AUT. [Aside.] If they have overheard me now,
—why, hanging.

CAM. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou
so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to
thee.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir.

CAM. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal
that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty,
we must make an exchange; therefore, discase
thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity
in't) and change garments with this gentleman:
though the pennyworth on his side be the worst,
yet hold thee, there's some boot. [Giving money.]

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[Aside.] I know
ye well enough.

CAM. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman
is half flayed already.

AUT. Are you in earnest, sir?—[Aside.] I smell
the trick on't.

FLO. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

AUT. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot
with conscience take it.

CAM. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliking
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over^e) to shipboard
Get undescried.

PER. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

from the wrist.

^d — the nothing of it.] It has been suggested that "nothing"
in this place is a misprint for *nothing*; but like *moth* for *mote*, it is
only the old mode of spelling that word.

^e (For I do fear eyes over)] Rowe reads,—"eyes over you;" a
MS. note in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio has, "eyes
ever;" and Mr. Collier's annotator proposes the same alteration.

CAM. No remedy.—
 Have you done there?
 FLO. Should I now meet my father,
 He would not call me son.
 CAM. Nay, you shall have no hat.—
 Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.
 AUT. Adieu, sir.
 FLO. O, Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
 Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*]
 CAM. [*Aside.*] What I do next, shall be to tell
 the king
 Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
 Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
 To force him after; in whose company
 I shall re-view Sicilia, for whose sight
 I have a woman's longing.
 FLO. Fortune speed us!—
 Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
 CAM. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt FLO. PER. and CAM.*]

AUT. I understand the business, I hear it: to
 have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,
 is necessary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite
 also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see
 this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.
 What an exchange had this been without boot!
 what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the
 gods do this year connive at us, and we may do
 anything *extempore*. The prince himself is about
 a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father
 with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a
 piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I
 would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to
 conceal it; and therein am I constant to my
 profession.—*Aside, aside!*—here is more matter
 for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop,
 church, session, hanging, yields a careful man
 work.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

CLO. See, see; what a man you are now!
 There is no other way but to tell the king she's a
 changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

SHEP. Nay, but hear me.

CLO. Nay, but hear me.

SHEP. Go to, then.

CLO. She being none of your flesh and blood,
 your flesh and blood has not offended the king;
 and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished
 by him. Show those things you found about her;
 those secret things, all but what she has with her:
 this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant
 you.

SHEP. I will tell the king all, every word; yea,
 and his son's pranks too,—who, I may say, is no
 honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go
 about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

CLO. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest
 off you could have been to him; and then your
 blood had been the dearer by I know how much an
 ounce.

AUT. [*Aside.*] Very wisely, puppies!

SHEP. Well, let us to the king; there is that
 in this fardel^a will make him scratch his beard.

AUT. I know not what impediment this com-
 plaint may be to the flight of my master.

CLO. Pray heartily he be at palace.

AUT. Though I am not naturally honest, I am
 so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my
 pedler's excrement.^b—[*Aside. Taking off his false
 beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you
 bound?

SHEP. To the palace, an it like your worship.

AUT. Your affairs there? what? with whom?
 the condition of that fardel, the place of your
 dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,
 breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known,
 discover.

CLO. We are but plain fellows, sir.

AUT. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me
 have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen,
 and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we
 pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing
 steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

CLO. Your worship had like to have given us
 one, if you had not taken yourself with the
 manner.

SHEP. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

AUT. Whether it like me or no, I am a cour-
 tier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these
 enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of
 the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from
 me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt?
 Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or* toze from
 thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I
 am courtier cap-a-pè; and one that will either
 push on or pluck back thy business there: where-
 upon I command thee to open thy affair.

SHEP. My business, sir, is to the king.

AUT. What advocate hast thou to him?

SHEP. I know not, an't like you.

CLO. [*Aside to the Shepherd.*] Advocate's the
 court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

SHEP. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock
 nor hen.

AUT. How bless'd are we that are not simple
 men!

(*) Old text, *at*.

^a — fardel—] A bundle, pack, or burden.

^b — excrement.] He means beard. We have a similar appli-
 cation of the word in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with
 my mustachio."



Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

CLO. This cannot be but a great courtier.

SHEP. His garments are rich, but he wears
them not handsomely.

CLO. He seems to be the more noble in being
fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know
by the picking on's teeth.

AUT. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel?
Wherefore that box?

SHEP. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel
and box, which none must know but the king;
and which he shall know within this hour, if I may
come to the speech of him.

AUT. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

SHEP. Why, sir?

AUT. The king is not at the palace: he is gone
aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air
himself: for if thou be'st capable of things serious,
thou must know the king is full of grief.

SHEP. So 'tis said, sir,—about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

AUT. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,^a let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

CLO. Think you so, sir?

AUT. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

CLO. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

AUT. He has a son,—who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aquavivæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication^b proclaims, shall be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him,—where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

CLO. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside

of his hand, and no more ado. Remember,—stoned, and flayed alive!

SHEP. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

AUT. After I have done what I promised?

SHEP. Ay, sir.

AUT. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

CLO. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

AUT. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son;—hang him, he'll be made an example.

CLO. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

AUT. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

CLO. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

SHEP. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

AUT. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion,—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

^a If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly;] The only critic who has noticed the term "hand-fast" is Mr. R. G. White; and he quite mistakes its meaning. To be in "hand-fast"=*main-prize*, is to be at large only on security given.

^b — prognostication *proclaims*,—] The hottest day predicted by the almanac. "Almanacks were in Shakespeare's time published under this title, 'An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God 1595.'"—MALONE





ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

CLEO. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

LEON. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

PAUL. True, too true, my lord: *
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,

To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

LEON. I think so. *Kill'd!*
She I *kill'd!* I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good
now,
Say so but seldom.

CLEO. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things that
would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

PAUL. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

DION. If you would not sa,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy

* True, too true, my lord:] A correction of Theobald; the old editions having,—

"Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true.
Paul. Too true (my Lord;)"

Than to rejoice the former queen is well?^a
 What holier than,—for royalty's repair,
 For present comfort and for future good,—
 To bless the bed of majesty again
 With a sweet fellow to 't?

PAUL. There is none worthy,
 Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
 For has not the divine Apollo said,
 Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
 That king Leontes shall not have an heir
 Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
 As my Antigonus to break his grave,
 And come again to me; who, on my life,
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
 Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[To LEONTES.]

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
 Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
 Was like to be the best.

LEON. Good Paulina,—
 Who hast the memory of Hermione,
 I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
 Have taken treasure from her lips,—

PAUL. And left them
 More rich for what they yielded.

LEON. Thou speak'st truth.
 No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one
 worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
 Again possess her corpse; and on this stage
 (Where we offenders now) appear,^b soul-vex'd,
 And begin, *Why to me?*

PAUL. Had she such power,
 She had just cause.^c

LEON. She had; and would incense me
 To murder her I married.

PAUL. I should so:
 Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
 Her eye; and tell me for what dull part in't
 You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your
 ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
 Should be, *Remember mine!*

LEON. Stars, stars,

And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife;
 I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAUL. Will you swear
 Never to marry but by my free leave?

LEON. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

PAUL. Then, good my lords, bear witness to
 his oath.

CLEO. You tempt him over-much.

PAUL. Unless another,
 As like Hermione as is her picture,
 Affront his eye.

CLEO. Good madam,—

PAUL. I have done.^d
 Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
 No remedy but you will,—give me the office
 To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
 As was your former; but she shall be such
 As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take
 joy

To see her in your arms.

LEON. My true Paulina,
 We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.

PAUL. That
 Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
 Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

GENT. One that gives out himself prince
 Florizel,
 Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
 The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
 To your high presence.

LEON. What with him? he comes not
 Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
 So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
 'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
 By need and accident. What train?

GENT. But few,
 And those but mean.

LEON. His princess, say you, with him?
 GENT. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I
 think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

PAUL. O, Hermione,
 As every present time doth boast itself
 Above a better gone, so must thy grave^e
 Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself

“— and on this stage
 (Where we offend her now) appear,” &c.

^c She had just cause.] The first and second folios have,—“She
 had just such cause.”

^d PAUL. I have done.] In the old editions, the words, “I have
 done,” form part of the preceding speech; they were properly
 assigned by Capell.

^e — so must thy grave
 Give way to what's seen now.]

“Grave” has been changed by some editors to *grace*, by others to
graces; to the destruction of a very fine idea.

^a — the former queen is well?] An expression applied to the
 dead: thus in “Antony and Cleopatra,” Act II. Sc. 5,—

“Mess. First, madam, he is well. Why there's more gold.
 Cleop.

But, sirrah, mark, we use
 To say the dead are well,” &c.

See also Malone's note in the Variorum edition, Vol. XIV. p. 400.

^b — and on this stage
 (Where we offenders now) appear, &c.]

Theobald reads,—

Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd*;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

GENT. Pardon, madam;
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

PAUL. How! not women?

GENT. Women will love her, that she is a
woman

More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

LEON. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis
strange,

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*
He thus should steal upon us.

PAUL. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEON. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL and
PERDITA.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

FLO. By his command

Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,^a
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

LEON. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee
stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

FLO. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

LEON. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

FLO. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.

LEON. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin,
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

LORD. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,

^a — *that a king, at friend, —*] This has been variously and need-
lessly altered; the most recent change is,—"a king as friend;"
but "a king at friend" means a king on terms of friendship, and
is as much the phraseology of Shakespeare's age as "to friend,"—

"I know that we shall have him well to friend,"—*Julius Caesar*
Act III. Sc. 1; "Had I admittance and opportunity to friend,"—
Cymbeline, Act I. Sc. 4.

Bohemia greets you from himself by me ;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

LEON. Where's Bohemia ? speak !

LORD. Here in your city ; I now came from
him :

I speak amazedly ; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

FLO. Camillo has betray'd me ;
Whose honour and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

LORD. Lay 't so to his charge ;
He's with the king your father.

LEON. Who ? Camillo ?

LORD. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who
now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the
earth ;

Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

PER. O, my poor father !—
The heavens set spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

LEON. You are married ?

FLO. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be ;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :—
The odds for high and low's alike.

LEON. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king ?

FLO. She is,
When once she is my wife.

LEON. That once, I see, by your good father's
speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty ; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

FLO. Dear, look up :
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now : with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

LEON. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

PAUL. Sir, my liege,^a
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a
month

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
gazes

Than what you look on now.

LEON. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[To FLORIZEL.]

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father ;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you : upon which
errand

I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make : come, good my lord.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace of
Leontes.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

AUT. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this
relation ?

GENT. I was by at the opening of the fardel ;
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how
he found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness,
we were all commanded out of the chamber ; only
this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found
the child.

AUT. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

GENT. I make a broken delivery of the busi-
ness ;—but the changes I perceived in the king
and Camillo were very notes of admiration : they
seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear
the cases of their eyes ; there was speech in their
dumbness, language in their very gesture ; they
looked as they had heard of a world ransomed,
or one destroyed : a notable passion of wonder
appeared in them ; but the wisest beholder, that
knew no more but seeing, could not say if the im-
portance^b were joy or sorrow,—but in the extremity
of the one it must needs be.—Here comes a
gentleman that happily knows more :

Enter ROGERO.

The news, Rogero ?

ROG. Nothing but bonfires : the oracle is
fulfilled ; the king's daughter is found : such a

^a Sir, my liege,—] See note (a), p. 204.

^b —if the importance were joy or sorrow,—] The meaning seems

to be,—A mere spectator could never have said whether their
emotion were of joyful or sorrowing significance.



deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.—Here comes the lady Paulina's steward ; he can deliver you more.—

Enter Paulina's Steward.

How goes it now, sir ? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion : has the king found his heir ?

STEW. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance : that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione's ;—her jewel about the neck of it ;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character ;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother ;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding ;—and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings ?

ROG. No.

STEW. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such

manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them,—for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness ; then embraces his son-in-law ; then again worries he his daughter with clipping^a her ; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

ROG. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child ?

STEW. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear : this avouches the shepherd's son ; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

GENT. What became of his bark and his followers ?

STEW. Wrecked the same instant of their

^a — with clipping her ;] That is, embracing her. So in "Coriolanus," Act I. Sc. 6,—

"O! let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd."

master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child, were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

GENT. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

STEW. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't, (bravely confessed and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *Alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears,—for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

GENT. Are they returned to the court?

STEW. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, —a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer:—thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

ROG. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

GENT. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

AUT. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other dis-

credits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

SHEP. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

CLO. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

AUT. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

CLO. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

SHEP. And so have I, boy.

CLO. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, called my father father; and so we wept,—and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

SHEP. We may live, son, to shed many more.

CLO. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

AUT. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

SHEP. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

CLO. Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUT. Ay, an it like your good worship.

CLO. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

SHEP. You may say it, but not swear it.

CLO. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

SHEP. How if it be false, son?

CLO. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—and I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow o' thy hands,* and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art^a no tall fellow o' thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow o' thy hands.

* — a tall fellow of thy hands,—] See note (*), p. 237, Vol. II.



AUT. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

CLO. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Chapel in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

LEON. O, grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

PAUL. What, sovereign sir,

I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouch-
saf'd,

With your crown'd brother, and these your^a con-
tracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

LEON. O, Paulina,
We honour you with trouble:—but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

PAUL. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely,* apart. But here it is—prepare

^a *With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted—*
This verse reads so uncouthly that we suspect the second "your"
to be an interpolation of the compositor.

(*) Old text, *Louely.*



To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say 'tis
well.

[PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers
HERMIONE as a statue.

I like your silence,—it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak;—first, you, my
liege.

Comes it not something near?

LEON.

Her natural posture!—

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione, or rather, thou art she.
In thy not chiding,—for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged as this seems.

POL.

O, not by much.

PAUL. So much the more our carver's excellence;

Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

LEON. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd,—does not the stone rebuke me,—
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

PER. And give me leave;
And do not say 't is superstition that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

PAUL. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

CAM. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

POL. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

PAUL. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is
mine)
I'd not have show'd it.

Let be! let be!

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—]

To a reader of taste and sensibility, the art by which the emotions
of Leontes are developed in this situation, from the moment
when with an apparent feeling of disappointment he first beholds
the "so much wrinkled" statue, and gradually becomes impressed,
amazed, enthralled, till at length, borne along by a wild, tumult-
uous throng of indefinable sensations, he reaches that grand
climax where, in delirious rapture, he clasps the figure to his
bosom and faintly murmurs,—

"O, she's warm!"

must appear consummate. Mr. Collier and his annotator, how-
ever, are not satisfied. To them the eloquent abruptness,—

"— but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?"

as but a blot, and so, to add "to the force and clearness of the
speech of Leontes," they stem the torrent of his passion in mid-
stream and make him drivel out,—

"Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone."

Can anything be viler? Conceive Leontes whimpering of himself
as "dead," just when the thick pulsation of his heart could have
been heard! and speaking of the statue as a "stone" at the very
moment when, to his imagination, it was flesh and blood! Was
it thus Shakespeare wrought? The insertion of such a line in
such a place is absolutely monstrous, and implies, both in the
forger and the utterer, an entire incompetence to appreciate the
finer touches of his genius. But it does more, for it betrays the
most discreditable ignorance of the current phraseology of the
poet's time. When Leontes says —

LEON. Do not draw the curtain!

PAUL. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your
fancy

May think anon it moves.

LEON. Let be! let be!

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord!
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

POL. Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEON. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art!

PAUL. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

LEON. O, sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone!

PAUL. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
you: but

I could afflict you further.

LEON. Do, Paulina!

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her! What fine
chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

PAUL. Good my lord, forbear!
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;(1)
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

"Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—"

Mr. Collier's annotator, and Mr. Collier, and all the advocates of
the intercalated line, assume him to mean,—*"I should desire to
die, only that I am already dead or holding converse with the
dead;"* whereas, in fact, the expression, *"Would I were dead,"*
&c. is neither more nor less than an imprecation, equivalent
to—*"Would I may die,"* &c.; and the king's real meaning, in
reference to Paulina's remark; that he will think *anon* it moves,
is, *"May I die, if I do not think it moves already."* In proof of this,
take the following examples, which might easily be multiplied a
hundred-fold, of similar forms of speech:—

"— and, *would I might be dead,*
If I in thought—" &c.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV. Sc. 4.

"*Would I had no being,*
If this salute my blood a jot,"
Henry VIII. Act II. Sc. 3.

"*The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings*
To wash the eyes of kings."
Antony and Cleopatra, Act V. Sc. 1.

"*Would I with thunder presently might die*
So I might speak."
Summer's Last Will and Testament.

"— *Let me suffer death*
If in my apprehension—" &c.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Play of The "Night-
Walker," Act III. Sc. 6.

"*Would I were dead,"* &c.
"If I do know," &c.
BEN JONSON's Tale of a Tub, Act II. Sc. 1.

LEON. No, not these twenty years!

PER. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

PAUL. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move; indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

LEON. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.

PAUL. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
Or* those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

LEON. Proceed!
No foot shall stir.

PAUL. Music, awake her, strike!—
[*Music.*]

'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel! Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to Death your numbness, for from him
Dear Life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs;

[*HERMIONE slowly descends from the pedestal.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor!

LEON. O, she's warm!
[*Embracing her.*]

If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

POL. She embraces him!

CAM. She hangs about his neck!
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

POL. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has
liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead!

PAUL. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good
lady;

Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*]

HER. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

PAUL. There's time enough for that:
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake^a to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

LEON. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match, [mine;
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
But how, is to be question'd,—for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said
many

A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand:—whose^b worth and
honesty

Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What!—look upon my brother:^c—both your
pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*]

(*) Old text, *On.*

^a Partake—] That is, *participate*.

^b — whose *worth and honesty*, &c.] "Whose" refers to Camillo,
not to Paulina.

^c What!—look upon my brother:—] This unfolds a charming

and delicate trait of action in Hermione; remembering how sixteen sad years ago her innocent freedoms with Polixenes had been misconstrued, and keenly sensible, even amidst the joy of her present restoration to child and husband, of the bitter penalty they had involved, she now turns from him, when they meet, with feelings of mingled modesty and apprehension.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS

ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—

— *Still virginalling
Upon his palm?*

By "virginalling," Leontes meant that Hermione was tapping or fingering on the hand of Polixenes, in the manner of a person playing on the "Virginals." This instrument, which, with the spinet and harpsichord, Mr. Chappell tells us was the precursor of the modern pianoforte, was stringed, and played on with keys, formerly called *jacks* :—

"Where be these rascals that skip up and down,
Faster than *virginal jacks*?"
Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, Act IV. Sc. I.

It was of an oblong shape, somewhat resembling a small square pianoforte, and, from the repeated mention of it in books of Shakespeare's age, as well as long afterwards, must have been in general vogue among the opulent. The name, as Nares supposed, was most probably derived from its being chiefly used by young girls.

(2) SCENE II.—*Are you mov'd, my lord?* In Greene's novel, the theme of which, it will be seen from our extracts, Shakespeare pretty closely followed, except in the repulsive catastrophe, the scene of action is reversed; Pandosto [Leontes] being King of Bohemia, and Egistus [Polixenes] King of Sicilia. After describing the visit paid by the latter to Pandosto, and the "honest familiarity" which sprang up between him and Bellaria [Hermione], the novelist proceeds to expatiate on the effects of this familiarity upon the mind of Pandosto :—

"He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiaritie, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy, so that hee began to watch them more narrowly to see if he could gette any true and certaine prooffe to confirme his doubtfull suspition. While thus he noted their looks and gestures and suspected their thoughtes and meaninges, they two seely soules, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily eache others companie, which drave him into such a franticke passion, that he beganne to beare a secret hate to Egistus and a lowering countenance to Bellaria; who marvelling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beeyond the moone, and to enter into a thousand sundrie thoughtes, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in her selfe a cleare conscience ceassed to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demaund the cause of his dumps. In the meane time Pandostoes minde was so farre charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured, (as he thought) that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong pointe in his tables, and so had played him false play."

(3) SCENE II.—

— *I'll do't, my lord.
LEON. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.]*

Compare the corresponding circumstances as related in the *Love* :—"Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous mur-

der, hee concluded at last to poyson him; which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter, promising to him for the performance thereof to geve him a thousande crownes of yearely revenues.

"His cupbearer, eyther being of a good conscience or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloody request, began with great reasons to perswade Pandosto from his determinate mischief, showing him what an offence murder was to the Gods; how such unnaturall actions did more displease the heavens than men, and that causelesse cruelty did sildome or never escape without revenge: he layd before his face that Egistus was his friend, a king, and one that was come into his kingdome to confirme a league of perpetuall amitie betwixt them; that he had and did shew him a most friendly countenance; how Egistus was not onely honoured of his owne people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his curtesie, and that if he now should without any just or manifest cause poyson him, it would not onely be a great dishonour to his majestie, and a meanes to sow perpetuall enmity between the Syccilians and the Bohemians, but also his owne subjects would repine at such treacherous cruelty. These and such like perswasions of Franion (for so was his cupbearer called) could no whit prevaile to diswade him from his devellish enterprize, but remaining resolute in his determination (his fury so fired with rage as it could not be appeased with reason), he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baites, preferment and death; saying that if he would poyson Egistus he would advance him to high dignities; if he refused to doe it of an obstinate minde, no torture should be too great to requite his disobedience. Franion, seeing that to perswade Pandosto any more was but to strive against the streame, consented as soone as an opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus; wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such mistrusted injuries, intending also as soon as Egistus was dead to give his wife a sop of the same sawse, and so be rid of those which were the cause of his restles sorrow."

(4) SCENE II.—*Come, sir, away!* [*Exeunt.*] The betrayal of the king's jealous design is thus related in the story :—"Lingring thus in doubtfull feare, in an evening he went to Egistus lodging, and desirous to breake with him of certaine affaires that touched the king, after all were commanded out of the chamber, Franion made manifest the whole conspiracie which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a traytor for bewraying his maisters counsaile, but to thinke that he did it for conscience: hoping that although his maister, inflamed with rage or incensed by some sinister reportes or slanderous speeches, had imagined such causelesse mischief, yet when time should pacifie his anger, and try those talebearers but flattering parasites, then he would count him as a faithfull servant that with such care had kept his maisters credite. Egistus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his tale, but a quaking feare possessed all his limnes, thinking that there was some treason wrought, and that Franion did but shaddow his craft with these false colours: wherefore he began to waxe in choller,

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

and saide that he doubted not Pandosto, sith he was his friend, and there had never as yet beene any breach of amity. He had not sought to invade his lands, to conspire with his enemies, to dissuade his subjects from their allegiance; but in word and thought he rested his at all times: he knew not therefore any cause that should moove Pandosto to seeke his death, but suspected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians to bring the king and him to oddes.

"Franion staying him in the middst of his talke, told him that to dally with princes was with the swannes to sing against their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any such mischief, it might have beene better brought to passe then by revealing the conspiracie; therefore his Majestie did ill to misconstrue of his good

meaneng, sith his intent was to hinder treason, not to become a traytor; and to confirme his promises, if it pleased his Majestie to fly into Sicilia for the safegarde of his life, hee would goe with him, and if then he found not such a practice to be pretended, let his imagined treacherie be repayed with most monstrous torments. Egistus hearing the solemne protestations of Franion, begann to consider that in love and kingdomes neither faith nor lawe is to bee respected, doubting that Pandosto thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy warre to invade Sicilia. These and such doubtles throughly weyghed he gave great thanks to Franion, promising if hee might with life returne to Syracusa, that he would create him a duke in Syclia, craving his counsell how hee might escape out of the countrie."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—

— *Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall.*

"Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection shee bare him was the onely meanes of his secret departure; in so much that incensed with rage he commaundes that his wife should be carried straight to prison untill they heard further of his pleasure. The garde, unwilling to lay their hands one such a vertuous princesse and yet fearing the kings fury, went very sorrowfull to fulfill their charge. Comming to the queenes lodging they found her playing with her yong sonne Garinter, unto whom with teares doing the message, Bellaria, astonished at such a hard censure and finding her cleere conscience a sure advocate to pleade in her cause, went to the prison most willingly, where with sighes and teares shee past away the time till she might come to her triall.

"But Pandosto, whose reason was suppressed with rage and whose unbridled follie was incensed with fury, seeing Franion had bewrayed his secrets, and that Egistus might well be rayled on, but not revenged, determined to wreake all his wrath on poore Bellaria. He therefore caused a generall proclamation to be made through all his realme that the queene and Egistus had, by the help of Franion, not only committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the kings death: whereupon the traitor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most justly imprisoned. This proclamation being once blazed through the country, although the vertuous disposition of the queene did halfe discredit the contents, yet the suddaine and speedy passage of Egistus, and the secret departure of Franion, induced them (the circumstances throughly considered) to thinke that both the proclamation was true, and the king greatly injured: yet they pittied her case, as sorrowful that so good a ladye should be crossed with such adverse fortune. But the king, whose restlesse rage would remit no pittie, thought

that although he might sufficiently requite his wives falshood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet his minde should never be gluttied with revenge till he might have fit time and opportunity to repay the treachery of Egistus with a totall injury. But a curst cow hath oftentimes short hornes, and a willing minde but a weake arme; for Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies proffereth steele, yet he saw that Egistus was not onely of great puissance and prowess to withstand him, but had also many kings of his alliance to ayde him if neede should serve, for he married the Emperours daughter of Russia."

—*Pandosto. The Triumph of Time, 1588.*

(2) SCENE III.—*Poor thing, condemn'd to loss* [In the novel, as in the play, the unhappy queen, while in prison, gives birth to a daughter, which the king at first determines shall be burnt, but being diverted from this bloody purpose by the remonstrance of his nobles, he resolves to set the hapless infant adrift upon the sea:—"The guard left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the king, who quite devoide of pity commanded that without delay it should bee put in the boat, having neither saile nor other [*rudder*?] to guid it and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very ship-men, seeing the sweete countenance of the yong babe, began to accuse the king of rigor, and to pity the childs hard fortune; but feare constrayned them to that which their nature did abhorre, so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few greene bows made a homely cabben to shrowd it as they could from wind and weather. Having thus trimmed the boat they tied it to a ship and so haled it into the mayne sea, and then cut in sunder the coarde; which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little boate so vehemently in the waves that the ship men thought it could not continue long without sinking; yea, the storm grew so great, that with much labour and perill they got to the shoare."

ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—*Look for no less than death.* [But leaving the childe to her fortunes, againe to Pandosto, who not yet gluttied with sufficient revenge desired which way he should best increase his wives calamitie. But first assembling his nobles and counsellors, hee called her for the more reproch into open court, where it was objected against her that she had committed adulterie with

Egistus, and conspired with Franion to poyson Pandosto her husband, but their pretence being partly spied, shee counsellied them to flee away by night for their better safety. Bellaria, who standing like a prisoner at the barre, feeling in herselfe a cleare conscience to withstand her false accusers, seeing that no lesse than death could pacifie her husbands wrath, waxed bolde and desired that

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

she might have lawe and justice, for mercy shee neyther craved nor hoped for; and that those perjured wretches which had falsely accused her to the king might be brought before her face to give in evidence. But Pandosto, whose rage and jealousie was such as no reason nor equitie could appease, tolde her, that for her accusers they were of such credite as their wordes were sufficient witsnesse, and that the sodaine and secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed; and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault: but her state countenance should stand for no coyne, for as the bastard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruell death be requited."—*Pandosto. The Triumph of Time*, 1588.

(2) SCENE II.—

— Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!]

The extracts here given will show that in most of the incidents connected with the arraignment of the queen, the great dramatist varies but little from the story. He has made one important change, however, without which we should have lost the finest scene in the play; for in the novel the unfortunate lady, overcome with grief for the death of her eldest child, expires in the public court shortly after the response of the oracle is declared.

"The noble men which sate in judgement said that Bellaria spake reason, and intreated the king that the accusers might be openly examined and sworne, and if then the evidence were such as the jury might finde her guilty, (for seeing she was a prince she ought to be tryed by her peeres) then let her have such punishment as the extremitie of the law will assigne to such malefactors. The king presently made answer that in this case he might and would dispen-
pence with the law, and that the jury being once panneld they should take his word for sufficient evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The noble men seeing the king in choler were all whist; but Bellaria, whose life then hung in the ballaunce, fearing more perpetual infamie than momentarie death, told the king if his furie might stand for a law that it were vaine to have the jury yeeld their verdict; and therefore she fell downe upon her knees, and desired the king that for the love he bare to his young sonne Garinter, whome she brought into the world, that hee would graunt her a request; which was this, that it would please his majestie to send sixe of his noble men whom he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egistus or conspired to poyson him with Franion? and if the god Apollo, who by his

divine essence knew al secrets, gave answer that she was guiltie, she were content to suffer any torment were it never so terrible. The request was so reasonable that Pandosto could not for shame deny it, unlesse he would bee counted of all his subjects more wilfull than wise: he therefore agreed that with as much speede as might be there should be certaine Embassadors dispatched to the Ile of Delphos, and in the meane season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison."

(3) SCENE II.—*And the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*] The answer of the oracle in the play is almost literally the same as that in the tale:—

"THE ORACLE.

"Suspition is no prooffe: Jealousie is an unequal judge: Bellaria is chaste: Egistus blameless: Franion a true subject: Pandosto treacherous: His babe innocent, and the king shall live long without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde."

(4) SCENE III.—*They have scared away two of my best sheep,— if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy.*] This is one of the instances, proving that Shakespeare had the novel before him while composing his drama, in which the identical expression of the original is transferred to the copy. After recounting how the babe, which had been left to the mercies of the "gastfull seas," "floated two whole daies without succour, readie at every puffe to bee drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest ceased and the little boate was driven with the tyde into the coaste of Sycilia, where sticking upon the sandes it rested," the novelist proceeds to tell that, "It fortun'd a poore mercenary shepheard that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his living by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him (for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substance), wandered downe toward the sea cliffes to see if perchance the sheepe was *browsing on the sea ivy*, whereon they greatly doe feede; but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke hee heard a child crie, but knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mistaken the sound and that it was the bleatynge of his sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the sea, he spied a little boate, from whence, as he attentively listened, he might heare the cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shoare, and wading to the boate, as he looked in he saw the little babe lying al alone ready to die for hunger and colde, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richely imbrodered with golde, and having a chayne about the necke."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE II.—*Trol-my-dames.*] A game more anciently known as "Pigeon-holes," because the balls were driven through arches on the board resembling the apertures in a dove-cote. It is mentioned in a treatise, quoted by Farmer, on "*Buckstone Bathes*;"—"The ladies, gentle women, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, into the which to trouble pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion: the pastyme *troule in madame* is termed;" and an illustration, showing the board and mode of play, will be found prefixed to Emblem No. II. in Quarles' "*Emblems*," 1635, which begins:—

"Prepost'rous fool, thou *troul'st* amiss;
Thou err'st; that's not the way, 'tis this."

(2) SCENE II.—*An ape-bearer.*] In explanation of a passage in Massinger's play of "*The Bondman*," Act III. Sc. 3, Gifford has an amusing note on the excellence displayed by our ancestors in the education of animals:—"Banks's horse far surpassed all that have been brought up in the academy of Mr. Astley; and the apes of these days are mere clowns to their progenitors. The apes of Massinger's time were gifted with a pretty smattering of politics and philosophy. The widow Wild had one of them: 'He would come over for all my friends, but was the dog-

ged'st thing to my enemies; he would sit upon his tale before them, and frown like John-a-napes when the pope is named."—*The Parson's Wedding.*

Another may be found in *Ram Alley*:—

"Men say you've tricks; remember, noble captain,
You skip when I shall shake my whip. Now, sir,
What can you do for the great Turk?
What can you do for the Pope of Rome?

Lo.

He stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth not.
What can you do for the town of Geneva, sirrah?

[*Captain holds up his hand,*] &c.

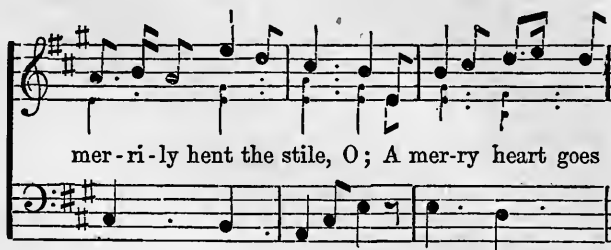
The occupation of the ape-bearer, then, was to instruct apes in their tumbling, and to exhibit the learned animals for a consideration to the public. The course of tuition must have required no little patience on the part of the teacher, and great docility in the pupil; for it usually ended in giving to the ape-bearer an absolute control over the creature, which, by means of some secret correspondence between them, could be made to express either anger or good-humour at the keeper's will. This perfect mastery gave occasion for a saying attributed to James I.—"If I have Jack-a-napes, I can make him bite you; if you have Jack-a-napes, you can make him bite me." In the Induction to Ben Jonson's "*Bartholomew Fair*," the stage-keeper speaks of "a juggler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for a King of England, and back again for the prince; and sit still for the Pope and the King of Spain." This evolution of *coming over*, &c. was performed by the animal's placing his forepaws on the ground, and turning over the chain on his head, and going back again in the same fashion, as the feat is represented in an illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century.

(3) SCENE II.—*Then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son.*] A "*Motion*," though sometimes used to denote a *puppet*, more frequently signified a *puppet-show*. In these exhibitions, the successors of the ancient Mysteries, scriptural subjects appear to have been the most attractive. In Ben Jonson's "*Bartholomew Fair*," Act V. Sc. I., the master of a puppet-show ejaculates,—"*O, the motions that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to in my time since my master, Pod, died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh and the City of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah,*" &c. Mr. Halliwell has given an engraving representing the performance of a *Motion* of the Prodigal Son, copied from an English woodcut of the seventeenth century; and Strutt, in his "*Sports and Pastimes*," reprints a Bartholomew Fair showman's bill, which affords a lively picture of what a *Motion* was in later times:—"At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera called the Old Creation of the World, yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah's Flood; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play.—The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the Ark with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the Ark is seen the Sun rising in a most glorious manner: moreover, a multitude of Angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six Angels ringing of bells.—Likewise Machines descend from above, double and treble, with Dives rising out of Hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom," &c.

(4) SCENE II.—

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.]*

These lines are part of a song found in a collection of "Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches," called "*An Antidote against Melancholy*;" 1661. It is said to have been set as a round for three voices by John Hilton; and the melody, a base and accompaniment being added, is given as follows from "*The Dancing Master*," 1650, by Mr. Knight in his "*Pictorial Shakespeare*:"—



(5) SCENE III.—

*I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.]*

So in the tale:—"It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers daughters in Sy-cilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistres of the feast, who having attired her selfe in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds use. As the evening grew on, and their sportes ceased, ech taking their leave at other, Fawnia, desiring one of her companions to beare her companie, went home by the flocke to see if they were well folded, and as they returned it fortunated that Dorastus (who all that day had been hawking, and kilde store of game) in-countred by the way these two mayds, and casting his eye sodenly on Fawnia, he was halfe afraid fearing that with Acteon he had seene Diana; for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be founde in any mortall creature."

(6) SCENE III.—

*— The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now.]*

Literally, this is from the novel; but mark the change effected by the few but admirably chosen epithets:—"And yet, Dorastus, shame not at thy shepherds weede; the heavenly godes have sometime earthly thoughtes. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bul, Apollo a shepheard: they gods, and yet in love; and thou a man appointed to iove."

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

(7) SCENE III.—

— *O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon!*]

See the passage in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. v.

"— ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis,—"

and the following translation by Shakespeare's contemporary, Golding:—

"Neare Enna walles there stands a lake Pergusa is the name,
Cayster heareth not more songs of swannes than doth the same.
A wood environs every side the water round about,
And with his leaves as with a veile doth keepe the sun heat out.
The boughes doo yeeld a coole fresh aire: the moistnesse of the
ground

Yeelds sundrie flowers. continuall spring is all the yeare there
found.

While in this garden Proserpine was taking her pastime,
In gathering either violets blew, or lillies white as lime,
And while of maidenlie desire she fild her maund and lap
Endeavouring to out-gather her companions there. By hap
Dis spide her, lov'd her, caught her up, and all at once well
neere:

So hastie, hot, and swift a thing is love, as may appeere.
The ladie with a wailing voice afright did often call
Her mother and her waiting maids, but mother most of all.
And as she from the upper part her garment would have rent
By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out the flowers went."

(8) SCENE III.—*Poking-sticks of steel.*] "These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In Marston's 'Malcontent' [Act V. Sc. 3] 1604, is the following instance: 'There is such a deale a pinning these ruffles, when the fine clean fall is worth all; and again, if you should chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-stick* to recover his form,' &c. Again, in Middleton's comedy of 'Blurt, Master Constable' [Act III. Sc. 3], 1602: 'Your ruff must stand in print; and for that purpose, get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your [lily sweating] hands.' Again, in the Second Part of Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 8vo. no date: 'They (*poking-sticks*) be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea some of silver itselfe, and it is well if in processe of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt or a little squibbe which little children used to squirt out water withal; and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffles, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe,' &c."—STEEVENS.

(9) SCENE III.—*Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, &c.*] "The Shakespearean era was the age of ballads, broadsides, and fugitive pieces on all kinds of wonders, which were either gross exaggerations of facts or mere inventions. The present dialogue seems to be a general, not a particular, satire; but it may be curiously illustrated by an early ballad of a fish, copied from the unique exemplar preserved in the Miller collection, entitled,—'The discription of a rare or rather most monstrous fishe, taken on the east coast of Holland the xvij. of November, anno 1566.' In 1569 was published a prose broadside, containing,—'A true description of this marvellous straunge Fishe, which was taken on Thursday was sennight, the 16. day of June, this present month, in the yeare of our Lord God, 1569.—Finis, Qd. C. R.—Imprinted at London, in Fleetstreete, beneath the conduit, at the signe of Saint John Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell.' In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company: 'A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman, from her waist upward, seene in the sea; and in May of the same year, 'a ballad called a ballad of a strange and monstrous fishe seene in the sea on Friday the 17 of Febr. 1603.' In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a register of all the shows of London from 1623 to 1642, is 'a licence to Francis Sherret to shew a *strange fish* for a yeare, from the 10th of Marche, 1635.'"—HALLIWELL.

(10) SCENE III.—*Men of hair.*] A dance in which the performers were disguised as satyrs, not unusually formed a feature of the entertainment on festival occasions in older time, and this species of masquerade is connected with a very tragic incident, graphically told by Froissart, which occurred at the French court in 1392:—

"It fortuned that, soon after the retaining of the fore-said knight, a marriage was made in the king's House between a young knight of Vermandois and one of the queen's gentlewomen; and because they were both of the king's house, the king's uncles, and other lords, ladies, and damoiselles, made great triumph: there was the Dukes of Orléans, Berry, and Bourgoyne, and their wives, dancing and making great joy. The king made a great supper to the lords and ladies, and the queen kept her estate, desiring every man to be merry: and there was a squire of Normandy, called Hogreyemen Gensay, he advised to make some pastime. The day of the marriage, which was on a Tuesday before Candlemas, he provided for a mummery against night: he devised six coats made of linen cloth, covered with pitch, and thereon flax-like hair, and had them ready in a chamber. The king put on one of them, and the Earl of Jouy, a young lusty knight, another, and Sir Charles of Poitiers the third, who was son to the earl of Valentinois, and Sir Juan of Foix another, and the son of the Lord Nanthorillet had on the fifth, and the squire himself had on the sixth; and when they were thus arrayed in these sad coats, and sewed fast in them, they seemed like wild woodhouses,* full of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. This device pleased well the French king, and was well content with the squire for it. They were appparelled in these coats secretly in a chamber that no man knew thereof but such as helped them. When Sir Juan of Foix had well devised these coats, he said to the king,—'Sir, command straightly that no man approach near us with any torch or fire, for if the fire fasten in any of these coats, we shall all be burnt without remedy.' The king answered and said,—'Juan, ye speak well and wisely; it shall be done as ye have devised; and incontinent sent for an usher of his chamber, commanding him to go into the chamber where the ladies danced, and to command all the varlets holding torches to stand up by the walls, and none of them to approach near to the woodhouses that should come thither to dance. The usher did the king's commandment, which was fulfilled. Soon after the Duke of Orléans entered into the hall, accompanied with four knights and six torches, and knew nothing of the king's commandment for the torches, nor of the mummery that was coming thither, but thought to behold the dancing, and began himself to dance. Therewith the king with the five other came in; they were so disguised in flax that no man knew them: five of them were fastened one to another; the king was loose, and went before and led the device.

"When they entered into the hall every man took so great heed to them that they forgot the torches: the king departed from his company and went to the ladies to sport with them, as youth required, and so passed by the queen and came to the Duchess of Berry, who took and held him by the arm, to know what he was, but the king would not show his name. Then the duchess said, Ye shall not escape me till I know your name. In this mean season great mischief fell on the other, and by reason of the Duke of Orléans; howbeit, it was by ignorance, and against his will, for if he had considered before the mischief that fell, he would not have done as he did for all the good in the world: but he was so desirous to know what personages the five were that danced, he put one of the torches that his servant held so near, that the heat of the fire entered into the flax (wherein if fire take there is no remedy), and suddenly was on a bright flame, and so each of them set fire on other; the pitch was so fastened to the linen cloth, and their shirts so dry and fine, and so joining to their flesh, that they began to burn and to cry for help: none durst come near them; they that did burnt their hands by reason of the heat of the pitch: one of them called

* Savages.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

Nanthorillet advised him how the botry was thereby; he fled thither, and cast himself into a vessel full of water, wherein they rinsed pots, which saved him, or else he had been dead as the other were; yet he was sore hurt with the fire. When the queen heard the cry that they made, she doubted her of the king, for she knew well that he should be one of the six; therewith she fell into a swoon, and knights and ladies came and comforted her. A piteous noise there was in the hall. The Duchess of Berry delivered the king from that peril, for she did cast over him the train of her gown, and covered him from the fire. The king would have gone from her. Whither will ye go? quoth she; ye see well how your company burns. What are ye? I am the king, quoth he. Haste ye, quoth she, and get you into other apparel, and come to the queen.

And the Duchess of Berry had somewhat comforted her, and had showed her how she should see the king shortly. Therewith the king came to the queen, and as soon as she saw him, for joy she embraced him and fell in a swoon; then she was borne to her chamber, and the king went with her. And the bastard of Foix, who was all on a fire, cried ever with a loud voice, Save the king, save the king! Thus was the king saved. It was happy for him that he went from his company, for else he had been dead without remedy. This great mischief fell thus about midnight in the hall of Saint Powle in Paris, where there was two burnt to death in the place, and other two, the bastard of Foix and the Earl of Jouy, borne to their lodgings, and died within two days after in great misery and pain."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE III.—*The ruddiness upon her lip is wet.*] However general the distaste for colouring sculpture in the present day, there can be no denying that the practice is of very high antiquity; since the painted low reliefs found in such profusion in the Egyptian tombs are usually assigned to the period B.C. 2400. In those remains there appears to have been the same intention as that shown in the coloured Monumental Effigies of the later middle-ages and the sixteenth century; namely, the production of a perfect and substantial image of the person represented, painted with his natural complexion and apparelled "in his habit as he lived." In this view of the custom it may be divested of much of its bad taste; especially if we suppose that really eminent artists were frequently employed as well on the painting of the figure as on the modelling and carving it. The later commentators only have taken this the true view of the statue of Hermione; though they have all pointed out the poet's error in representing Giulio Romano as a sculptor. We are inclined to doubt, however, whether Shakespeare committed any mis-

take upon the subject: when he calls the statue "A piece many years in doing, and now newly performed," he may have remembered that Vasari, Romano's contemporary, has recorded that "over his paintings he sometimes consumed months and even years, until they became wearisome to him." And when he represents this artist as colouring sculpture, he may have recollected the same authority states, that Giulio Romano built a house for himself in Mantua, opposite to the church of St. Barnaba. "The front of this he adorned with a fantastic decoration of coloured stuccoes; causing it at the same time to be painted and adorned with stucco-work within." It will be readily admitted that when the practice of making painted effigy portraits and busts was established, the greatest talent as well as the most inferior might be employed on the colouring; and Vasari adds further, that Giulio Romano would not refuse to set his hand to the most trifling matter, when the object was to do a service to his lord or to give pleasure to his friends.

CRITICAL OPINIONS ON THE WINTER'S TALE.

“‘The Winter’s Tale’ is as appropriately named as ‘The Midsummer Night’s Dream.’ It is one of those tales which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary leisure of a long winter evening, and are even attractive and intelligible to childhood, while, animated by fervent truth in the delineation of character and passion, and invested with the embellishments of poetry, lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, they transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination. The calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with such wonderful and fleeting adventures, when all end at last in universal joy: and, accordingly, Shakspeare has here taken the greatest licence of anachronisms and geographical errors; not to mention other incongruities, he opens a free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia, makes Giulio Romano the contemporary of the Delphic oracle. The piece divides itself in some degree into two plays. Leontes becomes suddenly jealous of his royal bosom-friend Polyxenes, who is on a visit to his court; makes an attempt on his life, from which Polyxenes only saves himself by a clandestine flight;—Hermione, suspected of infidelity, is thrown into prison, and the daughter which she there brings into the world is exposed on a remote coast;—the accused queen, declared innocent by the oracle, on learning that her infant son has pined to death on her account, falls down in a swoon, and is mourned as dead by her husband, who becomes sensible, when too late, of his error: all this makes up the first three acts. The last two are separated from these by a chasm of sixteen years; but the foregoing tragical catastrophe was only apparent, and this serves to connect the two parts. The princess, who has been exposed on the coast of Polyxenes’ kingdom, grows up among low shepherds; but her tender beauty, her noble manners, and elevation of sentiment, bespeak her descent; the Crown Prince Florizel, in the course of his hawking, falls in with her, becomes enamoured, and courts her in the disguise of a shepherd; at a rural entertainment Polyxenes discovers their attachment, and breaks out into a violent rage; the two lovers seek refuge from his persecutions at the court of Leontes in Sicily, where the discovery and general reconciliation take place. Lastly, when Leontes beholds, as he imagines, the statue of his lost wife, it descends from the niche: it is she herself, the still living Hermione, who has kept herself so long concealed; and the piece ends with universal rejoicing. The jealousy of Leontes is not, like that of Othello, developed through all its causes, symptoms, and variations; it is brought forward at once full grown and mature, and is portrayed as a distempered frenzy. It is a passion whose effects the spectator is more concerned with than its origin, and which does not produce the catastrophe, but merely ties the knot of the piece. In fact, the poet might perhaps have wished slightly to indicate that Hermione, though virtuous, was too warm in her efforts to please Polyxenes; and it appears as if this germ of inclination first attained its proper maturity in their children. Nothing can be more fresh and youthful, nothing at once so ideally pastoral and princely, as the love of Florizel and Perdita; of the prince, whom love converts into a voluntary shepherd; and the princess, who betrays her exalted origin without knowing it, and in whose hands nosegays become crowns. Shakspeare has never hesitated to place ideal poetry side by side of the most vulgar prose: and in the world of reality also this is generally the case. Perdita’s foster-father and his son are both made simple boors, that we may the more distinctly see how all that ennobles her belongs only to herself. Autolycus, the merry pedlar and pickpocket, so inimitably portrayed, is necessary to complete the rustic feast, which Perdita on her part seems to render meet for an assemblage of gods in disguise.”—

SCHLEGEL.

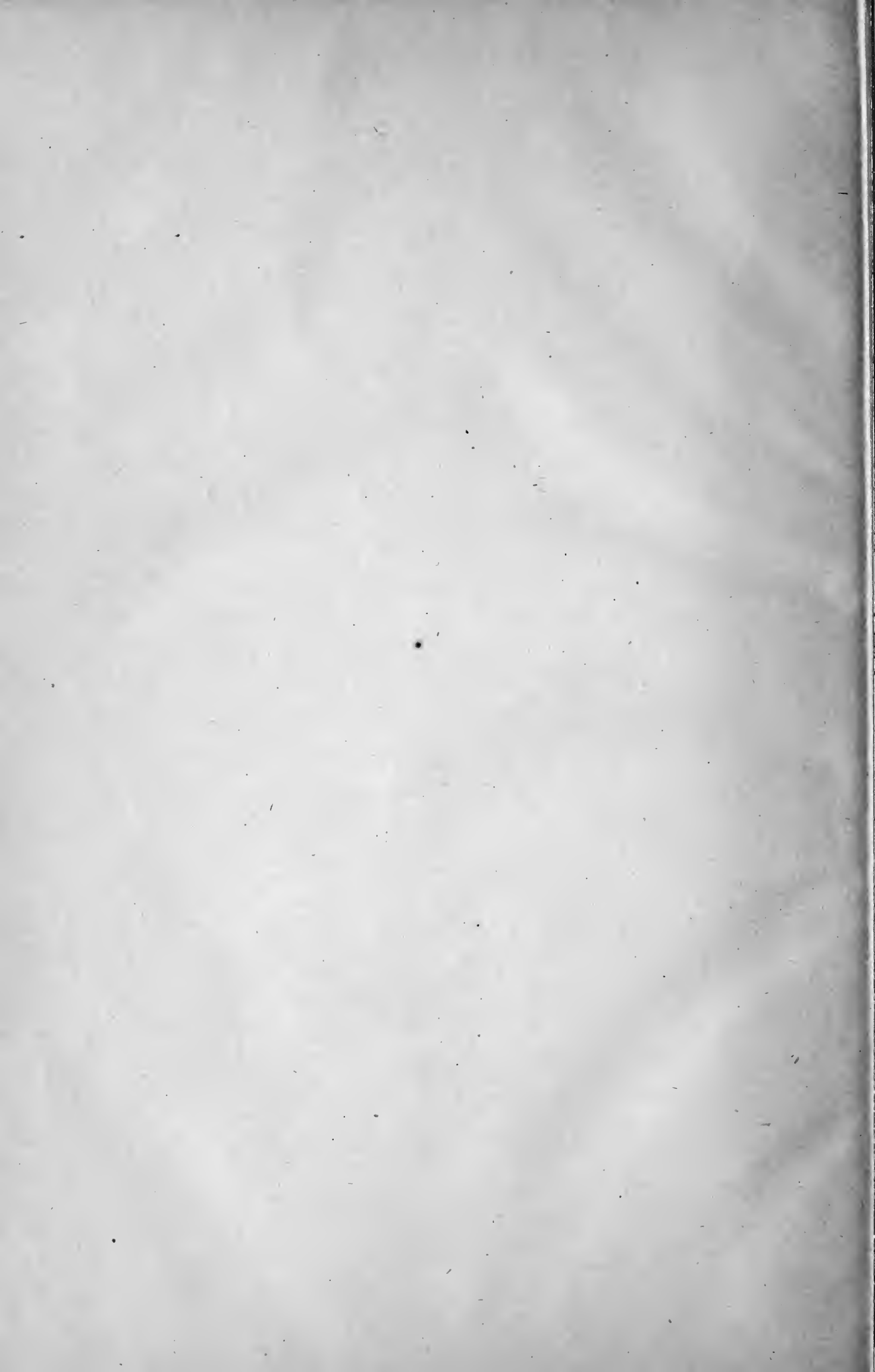


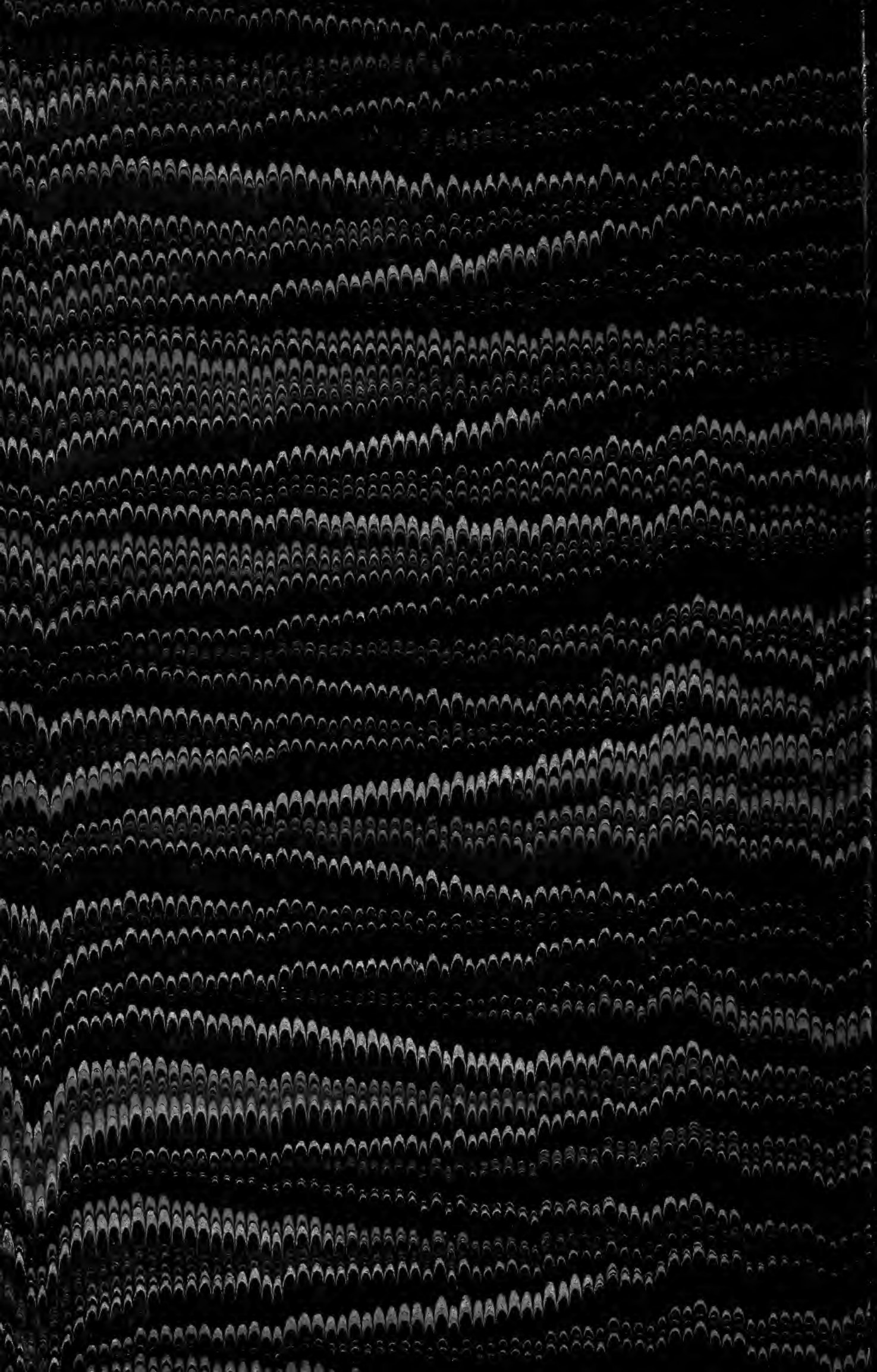
SHAKESPEARE

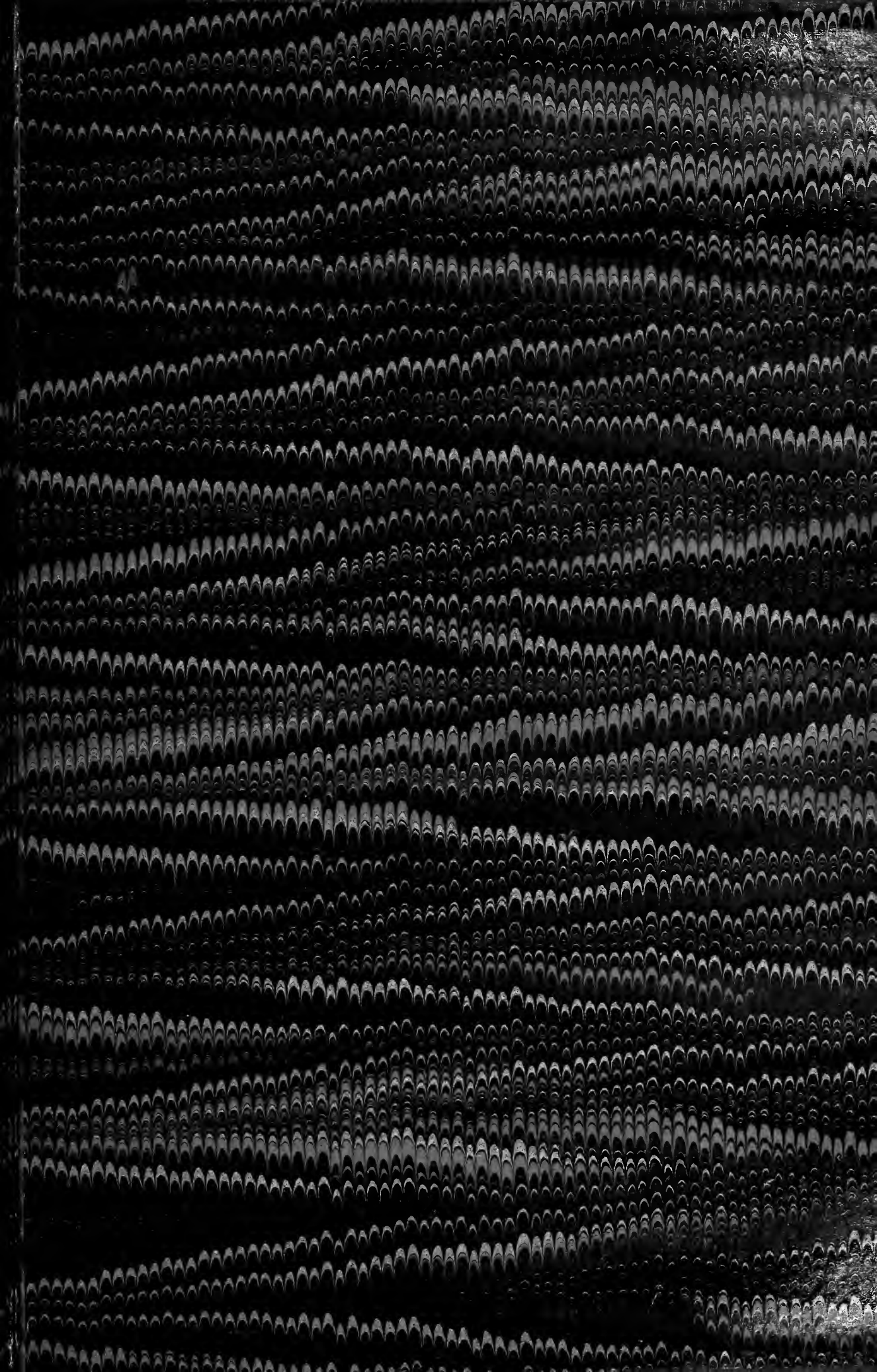












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